

PERIODICAL

# Huntley & Palmers *the first name you think of in* Biscuits

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DETROIT

# PUNCH



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

TO BE SURE OF PLEASURE—  
*say* **Player's Please**



## Let's forget bacon

Not much more than a fragrant memory, did you say?  
We'll come back to it. Meanwhile, consider this list:

Bath Chaps	Chitterlings
Pork Pies	Faggots
Pork Sausages	Livers
Brawn	Kidneys
Puddings	Trotters

That's what you get from a home-grown pig in addition to bacon (only the sides of foreign pigs come here).

That's the food you're missing—that's the food that the finest industrial production can't earn for you.

Campaign, then, for pigs grown at home on imported food or home-grown food—we can get more of both.

This isn't politics—it's plain commonsense.

Issued by

**MARSH & BAXTER LTD**

*in the interests of National nutrition*

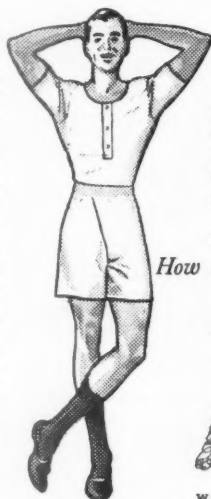
—Marsh & Baxter Ltd, Brierley Hill, makers of the famous Marsh Hams

### UNDERWEAR TYPES

*The  
Confirmed  
Muffler...*



*You know the chap—he's always cold  
Though swaddled to the eyes  
In overcoats and undercoats  
Of extra weight and size.*



*How different from the Wolsey fan  
Who keeps an even heat  
In temperature-controlling wool  
That's Duo-shrunk and neat!*

**Wolsey**

WOLSEY LIMITED LEICESTER

DUO-SHRUNK UNDERWEAR & SOCKS



Wherever



did



I



put



that



packet



of



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A(b)!

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*Wheat* in its most delicious form

**Vita-Weat**

by PEEK FREAN



By Appointment  
Peek Frean & Co. Ltd.,  
Biscuit & Vita-Weat  
Crispbread Manufacturers

Those crunchy, golden-brown slices of Vita-Weat  
not only look good and taste good—they  
do you good. They're packed with the  
goodness of the whole-wheat grain.





At all  
the best  
parties



**"Odds On"**

wine

**Cocktail**

Price 16/6

*You'll be glad you got*

**Gilbey's**

AMONG THE PRINCELY PLEASURES . . .



Broad oaks shadowing the velvet turf, stoop of falcon on heron and crane and waterfowl . . . the thrill of the chase across the glades of leafy Warwickshire. And in the distance, the magnificence and grandeur of princely Kenilworth . . . a name for today of supreme and classic quality.

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. . . one of the classic names in

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*Anglepoise*  
**LAMP**

Sole Makers:

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(Patented)

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Complete with large Grass Box

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Sole Manufacturers:—QUALCAST, Ltd., DERBY





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*It's a different drink*  
with real "French"

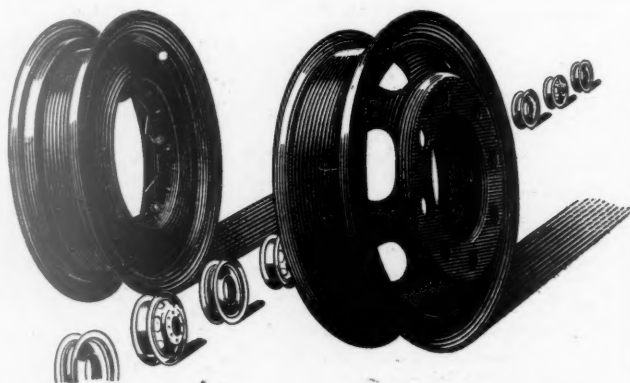
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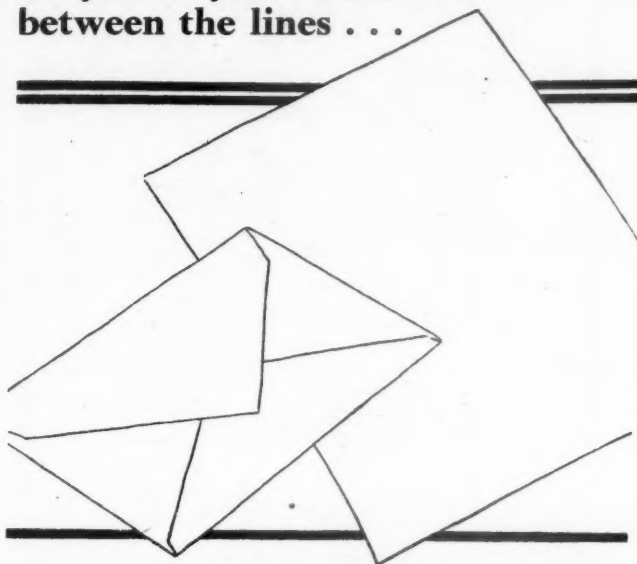
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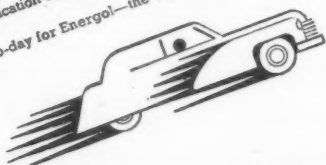


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**THE OILIEST OIL**

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Ask your garage to-day for Energol—the Oiliest Oil.



**Joseph Black** published only three papers on chemical subjects in the course of over fifty years of scientific research, but his work is of such importance that he is regarded as one of the founders of modern chemistry. The most important of his papers, published in 1756 and entitled "Experiments upon Magnesia Alba, Quicklime and some other Alcaline Substances", deals with the chemical changes which occur when quicklime is added to the "mild alkalis" to render them caustic. He showed that when a solution of mild alkali is treated with quicklime, limestone and caustic alkali are produced. Black's explanation of this reaction is still accepted, and so well reasoned is his paper on the subject that it is regarded as one of the classics of chemical literature.

Born in 1728 in Bordeaux of Scottish parents temporarily resident in France, Joseph Black went to Glasgow University at the age of 18, becoming Professor of Anatomy and Chemistry in 1756, a post he retained for ten years until he took up an appointment at the University of Edinburgh. But it is for his work on the alkalis that this Scottish chemist is remembered. These chemicals which include such everyday substances as washing soda and bicarbonate of soda, are as essential for industry as for the home. Their manufacture is one of the most important branches of the British chemical industry.





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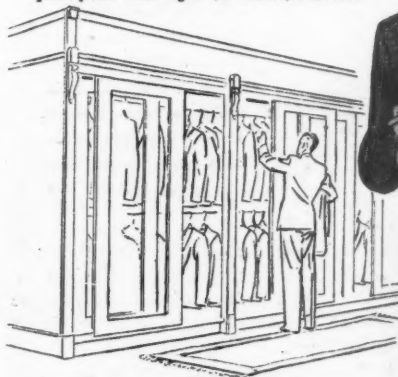
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**Haig**

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 goes into any  
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 is that you can see the suit on and satisfy  
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We have a good choice of fine worsteds—  
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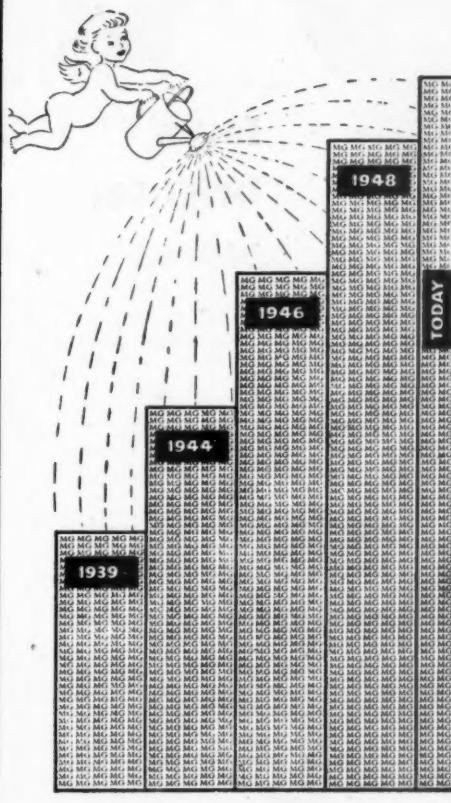


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**GUARDIAN**  
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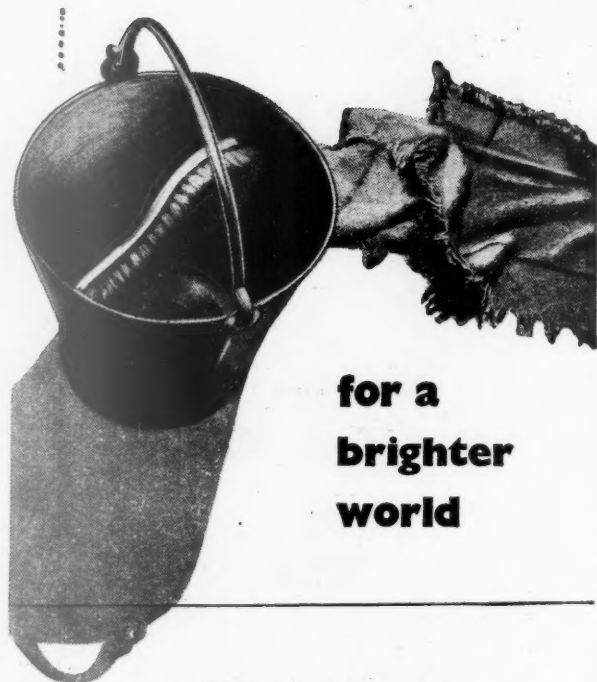
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SEE OUR EXHIBIT  
STAND NO.  
B.526 AND B.627



Said a sceptical toddler of two

"I've no patience with Santa, have you?

When I asked for a yacht,

Do you know what I got?...

**A GKN Spun Galvanised Hexagon Head-Set Screw!"**



Some of the things we make have curious-sounding names—to the uninitiated. To the knowing, on the other hand, those names are as good as an identification card, photograph, signature, thumb-print and guarantee, all in one. In any case it needn't matter much if you find it difficult to distinguish the exact difference between one fastening device and another.

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TO ANOTHER, GET IN TOUCH WITH **GKN**

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**50** years ago

*The Muffin-man walked the streets, rhythmically swinging his bell to call his wares. His familiar tolling on a cold, damp Sunday afternoon, emphasised the cosy comfort of the fireside chair.*

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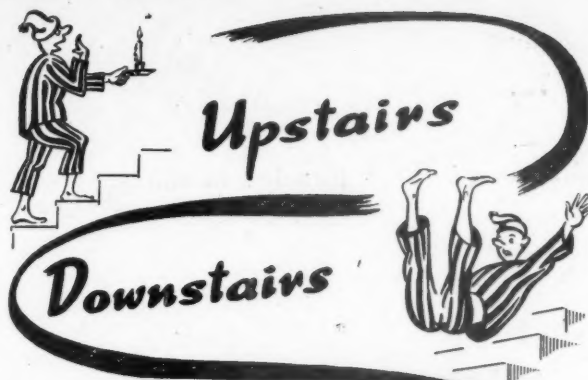
**VENESTA**



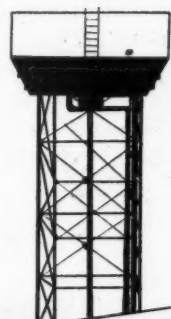
VENESTA LIMITED, VINTRY HOUSE, QUEEN STREET PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4  
Telephone: CENTRAL 3060

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... even in the air

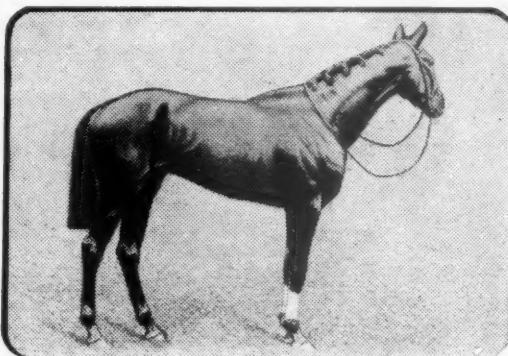


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STORAGE  
TANKS**  
are just right for  
the job!

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Standard PLATES

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Bred and owned by Mr. James Lanach and trained by Richard Marsh, Jeddah was so weak at birth that it took two men to hold him up so that he could feed from his dam. In spite of this, he grew to nearly 17 hands, and created a racing sensation by winning the Derby as 100 to 1, by  $\frac{1}{2}$  length from Batt at even weights. Three weeks later, at Ascot, he again beat Batt in the Prince of Wales Stakes over one mile five furlongs, giving 6 lbs. and winning by five lengths. Jeddah was disappointing as a stallion and died in 1909.

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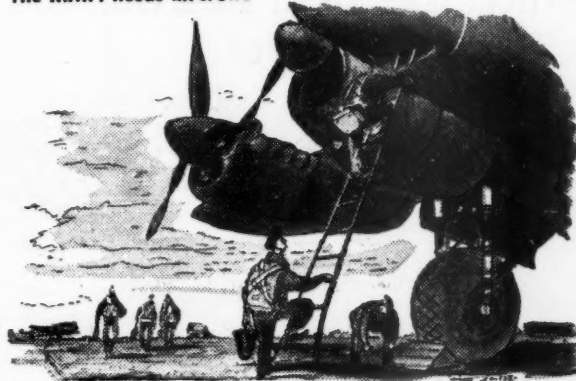
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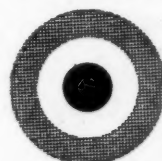


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lift  
in life



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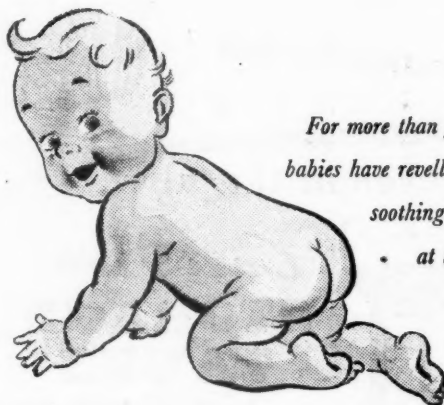
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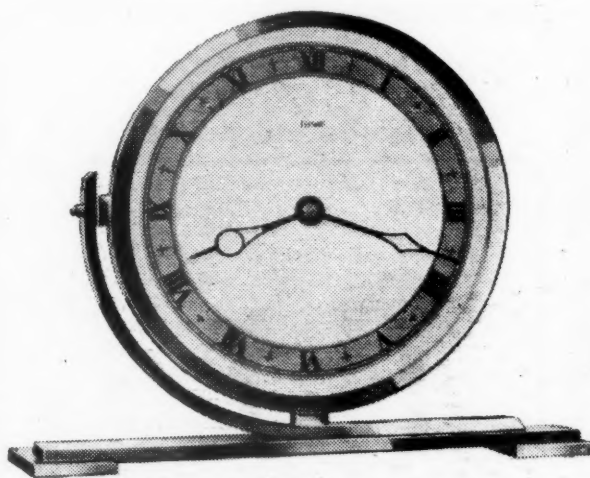
For more than 50 years  
babies have revelled in its  
soothing softness  
• at bathtime

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**BABY POWDER**



JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD. SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE



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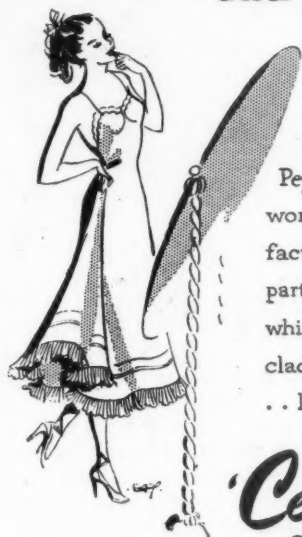
Are you wise to the ways of clocks, keen-eyed to see their finer points? If so, we recommend this one, Model No. 115, to you from the wide range of Ferranti electric clocks. Its design is simple, modern, effective; it's chromium-plated with a cream and silver face. And, like all Ferranti clocks, it's efficient. Recent price reductions make these fine clocks better value than ever before. Write for list C.18.

**Ferranti Ltd**

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## Facts, Figures and Flattery

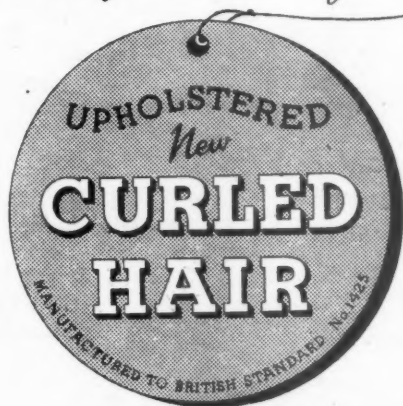


Peggy is a research worker interested in facts and figures.. particularly her own which she likes to see clad in the flattery of .. lingerie in

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CREPE SATIN

One of the range of 'Celanese' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics

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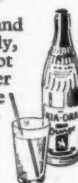
CVS-21



*For the Stern and Serious  
-or the Sweetly Smiling*



No matter whether you face life with out-thrust chin and stiff (upper, of course) lip, or smile — oh so sweetly, while you Pay As You Earn, there's no possible doubt that you'll take to Kia-Ora as naturally as an angler takes to exaggeration. For everyone who's tasted the pure deliciousness of these fruit-fresh Squashes says:—



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**KIA-ORA**

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

When sugar and quality Fruit Juices are no longer rationed to us, there will be no shortage of Kia-Ora.

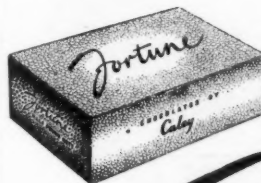
ORANGE • LEMON • GRAPE FRUIT • LIME • LEMON BARLEY



Here  
is your

Fortune

my pretty maid!



*Fortune*  
**CALEY**

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F.34





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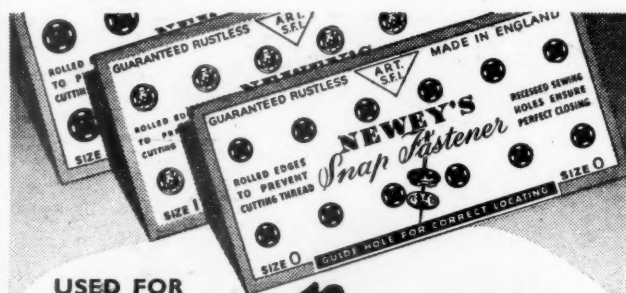
## For this Relief

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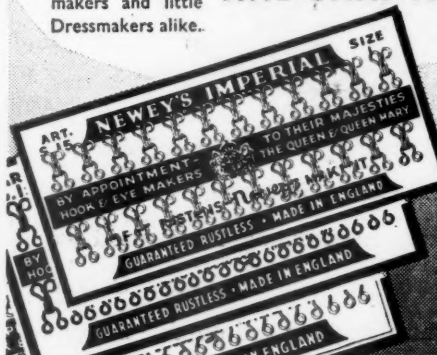


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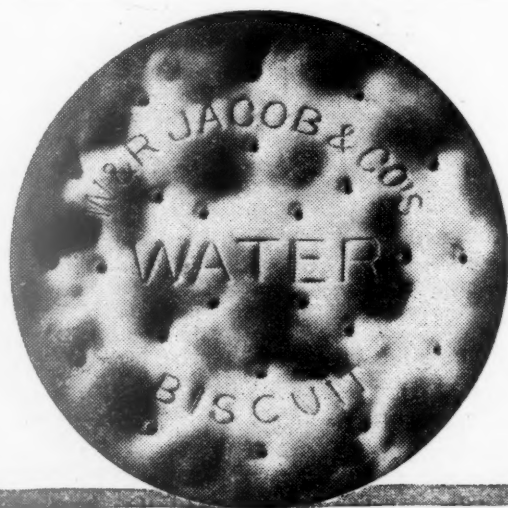




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**WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY**



**W** F conversation among the population of London in 1787 a favourite topic was the wondrous new mechanical devices installed in Mr. Whitbread's Brewery in Chiswell Street. These accounts eventually reached the ears of King George III who expressed a wish to see these things for himself. One Saturday morning he duly arrived with his Queen and three little Princesses and spent two hours going over the Brewery. When the crowd which had gathered outside caught sight of the King "they gave breath to their loyalty and repeatedly huzzaed."

*Estd. 1742*

**WHITBREAD**

*Brewers of Ale and Stout*



**MONK & GLASS**

*is jolly good custard*





# PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXVI No. 5653

April 13 1949

## Charivaria

It is suggested that Mr. Strachey's department should now be known as "The Absolute Min. of Food."

A motorist planning his holidays intends to use up all his extra petrol on the outward journey. He will rely on a by-election for getting home again.



### Half-Time

"Grandfather Clock, brass dial, perf. cond. Any time after 6.30 P.M."

Advt. in "Liverpool Echo."

A visitor from the North declares that he was amazed, on a recent trip to London, by the excellence of the meat. And bang went eightpence.

In America a small hotel was lifted into the air by a whirlwind and deposited a mile away. Brewers in this country are pointing out the advantages of the tied house.

"A former Deal miner, Mr. Chris. Halpine (36), who left Deal for Wombwell (Yorks.) about 12 years ago, arrived in Malaya recently." *East Kent Mercury.*

Slow boat to China?

The manager of a suburban picture theatre reports that a married couple remained in the cinema for eight hours while three complete programmes were shown. What moved them in the end was a message flashed on the screen from their indignant baby sitter.

Householders struggling to keep up appearances are reminded that a licence is not necessary for just a television aerial.

### Gone Away!

"Down the street came the procession with mourners in full cry following behind."—*Schoolboy's description of funeral.*

"It takes a lot of capital to open a jeweller's shop," we are warned in a trade journal. Of course it has been done with a brick.

A record number of Americans are expected here this year. This should, in some degree, console people in this country who failed to obtain visas to visit the U.S.



There were no psychiatrists in mediæval England, remarks a writer. But it must be remembered that in those days the country was sparsely inhabited.

"Second Officer T. H. Cubbon receives binoculars, Engineer Roy Motion a silver cigarette-case, and six seamen momentary awards." *Manchester paper.*

Well, even a quick one is better than nothing.

Park seats are being repainted. Idlers fear that as a result they may find themselves directed to suit-cleaning agencies.



## The Chair

MARK LEMON, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Francis Burnand—a glance at the careers of these earlier Editors of *Punch* almost compels the belief that the production of a staggering number of plays was an essential qualification for the editorial chair. Mark Lemon wrote “innumerable melodramas and operettas,” Shirley Brooks is credited with “many dramas,” and Tom Taylor with “upwards of one hundred pieces for the stage,” while Burnand, perhaps a little overawed by his predecessor's industry, contented himself with a mere eighty or ninety. More, these remarkable men who built up, sustained and enriched the tradition of *Punch*, were as ready to step on to the stage in person as to support it by their writings.

Of late years, it has to be admitted, there has been a falling-off in this respect. If E. V. Knox, who last week retired after sixteen years as Editor, has written in his time as many as fifty melodramas he has kept the fact remarkably quiet; and his nearest approach to the stage (so far as is known here) was the reverse side of a screen at a disastrous private charade when his beard was mislaid at the last moment and, with a fine sense of theatre, he refused to emerge without it. Hatred of the limelight, in any sense of form, is characteristic of him, for no man has ever cared less for “fame” or popular applause.

Well, the stage's loss has been the paper's gain. For Evøe—to use the strange Bacchic cry by which he has always been, and always will be known to everyone connected with *Punch*—has, like Owen Seaman before him, given all the best of his mind and knowledge and craftsmanship to *Punch*. He began to contribute in 1905, and since that date he has set himself, and maintained, a standard of accomplishment both in prose and verse that has not been equalled, over so long a period, in the history of the paper. The quality of his work is indefinable, not to be caught, still less imitated. He is perhaps pre-eminently the writer for the connoisseur of humour. His touch is so delicate, his effects are produced with such economy of effort, so complete an apparent absence of strain, that the secret baffles and eludes the faint pursuer. His verse—and his parodies of Masefield, Hardy, Noyes and other contemporary or near-contemporary poets are among the best known of all his writings—has an ease, a swing and a humour (subtle, satirical or wildly funny) all its own.

Evøe became Editor in November 1932, and it may be that only those who worked with him from the beginning—“under him” is hardly the phrase for so kindly and untyrannical a master—know fully what he did for the paper in his quiet, unostentatious way. He shortened, speeded up and “modernized” the pictorial jokes, clearing away by stages the welter of explanatory matter that a generation of quickened perceptions no longer needed. He maintained—not least by the example of his own work—the standard of literary contributions that his predecessor had done so much to raise, and at the same time very markedly improved the general level of the verse. He had no manner of use for “light verse” that was merely slick and competent, demanding real humour or real thought in addition to technical accomplishment, and it was during his Editorship that poetry of real quality began to find its way into the paper. He guided *Punch* through the difficult days of war, lacerating the dictators in his own verses and in the cartoons he inspired, as indeed he had been doing for several years beforehand—at a time when there were still many who thought (and promptly wrote) that it was

scandalous to treat such well-meaning men as Hitler and Mussolini with derision.

Evøe is essentially the man to deal faithfully with dictators—he is so utterly unlike a dictator himself. Pomposity, widely believed to be the prerogative of editors, he eschewed completely, and when he saw it in others he contented himself with what Uncle Remus calls “a spell er de dry grins.” He did not feel that the dignity of his position would be enhanced by keeping his staff at a distance, or that it was good for a caller to wait trembling by his desk while he frowned portentously for five minutes over some contribution. On the contrary, he would lean back immediately (and perilously) in his chair, and taking up a paper-knife or ruler embark without preamble on a conversation that might take one anywhere or nowhere, but was invariably delightful.

So he was loved by his staff, as well as respected. Now he has left the chair, leaving behind him a tradition of ease and friendliness in the editorial office, and beyond it, that will be jealously guarded and maintained. But he has not, so we all hope, left the paper. He has a plain duty to his countless friends, known and unknown, to go on writing for us for many years yet—upwards, shall we say? of one thousand pieces.

PUNCH.

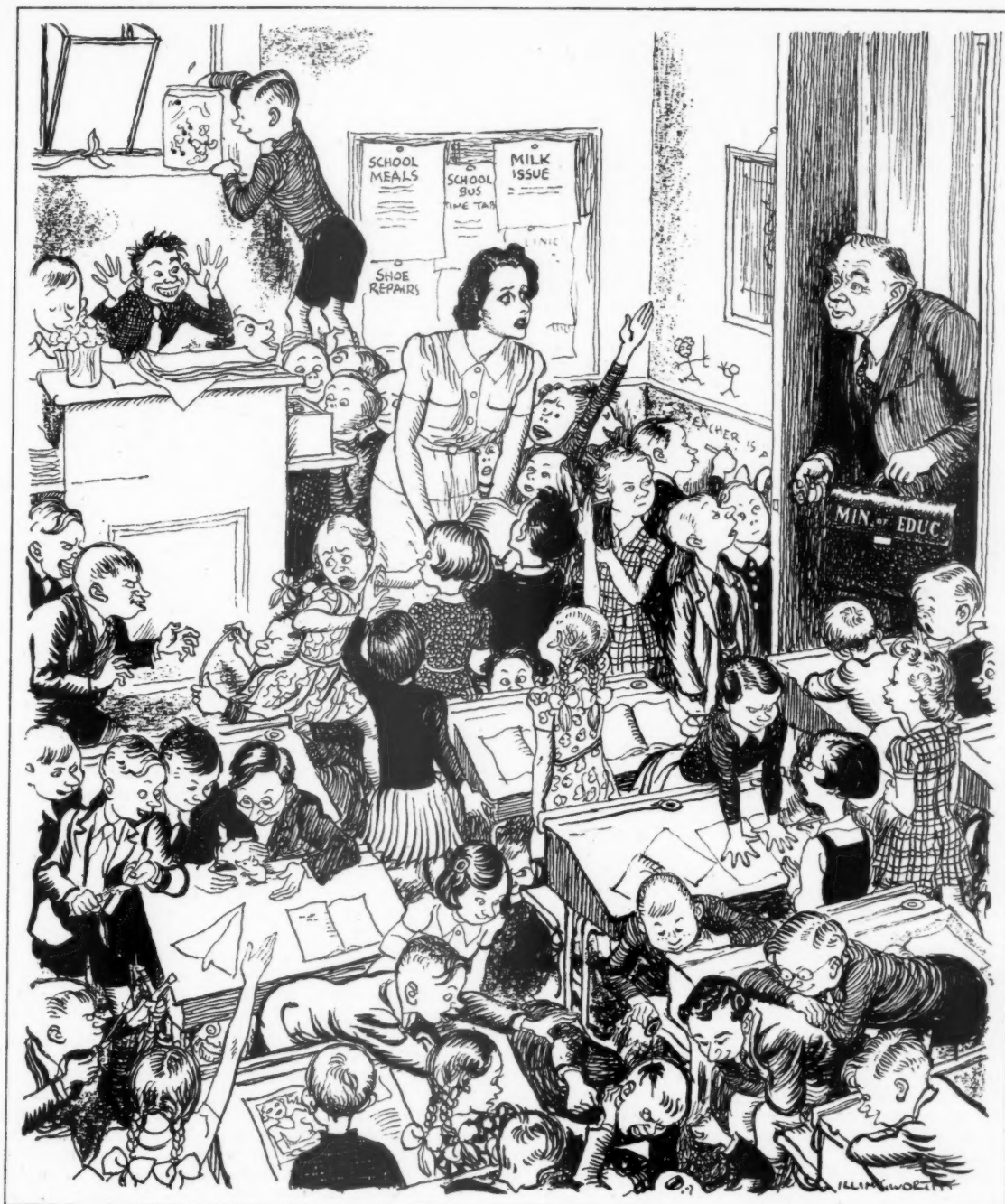
## Ballade of a Barbarian

I LIVE and move among the common sort,  
I am not fit to mingle with the great;  
I do not sparkle in the crowded court,  
I do not govern the affairs of State.  
It is not that I stumble in my gait,  
In company I do not blush, or blench;  
The reason is quite simple to relate—  
I cannot speak extremely fluent French.

From youth it was my custom to consort  
With men of wisdom, hearing words of weight.  
I often spoke in Latin just for sport,  
I babbled Sanskrit at the age of eight;  
I wrote in Anglo-Saxon on my slate,  
I carved old Chinese proverbs on my bench,  
But through some frightful accident of fate  
I cannot speak extremely fluent French.

Time, O my friends, is swift, and life is short,  
The hours fly by at an enormous rate;  
The jolly ship draws on towards the port,  
The gay balloons insensibly deflate.  
Instead of leaning on my garden gate  
Or fishing in the pond for portly tench,  
I might have learnt it; but it is too late—  
I cannot speak extremely fluent French.

Prince, though I am so learned and sedate,  
Set me to plough a field or dig a trench,  
And pay me at a very humble rate—  
I cannot speak extremely fluent French.



### HELP URGENTLY NEEDED.

"I hope you've got all you want, my dear."

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Tomlinson—and quite a lot more."

[An exhibition, "The English at School," organized by the National Book League, is now open to the public at 7, Albemarle Street.]





*"Hurry, darling, I'm terrified of cows."*

## P.T. for Forty

**N**OW let me see who is ready for P.T. It's such a lovely sunny morning I think you can take your frocks off, girls.

Boys, take off jackets and waistcoats and any jerseys. Hang them on the back of your chairs.

That's the way, Anna, plenty of fresh air, that's what our bodies need. Well, if you've got a cold, Elsie, you can just tuck your frock in your knickers to-day, but take off your cardigan.

Mummy said not to?

Now look, dear, you'll get so hot jumping and running in the playground and then when you come in here again you'll get cool, so that you must have something to put on. Take it off, like Anna.

Oh, don't cry, child! Look at all these other children, half-naked some of them, and as jolly as sand-boys!

That's right. That looks much better.

All ready? Lead to the door.

As soon as you get into the playground I want to see some nice, high, galloping horses. When I blow my whistle change into bouncing balls.

Lead on, Jane and Richard. Don't push, Michael.

Fetch my coat, dear, will you? The wind's rather chilly.

What lovely horses! Up, up, up! That's the way.

Who didn't hear the whistle? You're all supposed to be balls now.

Right. All rest.

Now this time I want big, high, bouncing balls. Sixpenny ones, those were only penny ones I saw just now.

Right up as high as the trees! Up, up, up! Lovely!

Everybody quite still, pull up as tall as you can.

Into a big circle, run.

Don't pull, Michael, just hold hands nicely. John, stop pushing in, find a space!

All drop hands. There's no need to wrench each others' arms half out every time we make a circle!

All run away again.

Back to a circle. That's better, though I can still see some rough people, Michael.

Down to touch toes, down. Keep those knees pressed back. Push, push, push. Lovely!

Up again.

All stretch up as tall as a house. Higher still!

Now as small as a mouse. Tuck your

heads in and squeeze up as small as you can. It's no good sticking your legs out at the back, Jane, mice don't do that. Tuck them up.

Now as wide as a gate. Stretch those arms sideways, but mind your neighbour, John Todd.

Now as thin as a pin. Straight backs, heads up, pull those stomachs in!

I can see some lovely pins.

As tall as a house! Lovely!

As small as a mouse! Much better!

As wide as a gate! Very good!

As thin as a pin! Beautiful pins!

Girls, run and fetch a hoop each and see how long you can keep it up. Try not to bump into anyone.

Boys, you are going to have a ball each. I want you to practise throwing it up and catching it. Play with your ball on this side of the playground. We don't want to send any into Mrs. Parker's garden, do we?

Off you go then.

I can see some really clever little girls with hoops.

Very nice, boys, but not too high, and keep AWAY FROM THAT FENCE, Peter.

There now. Well, you'll just have to go round and knock at Mrs. Parker's door, Peter. It's no use crying, you



should have played where you were told.

Last time she said what?

She never wanted to see you again? I'm not surprised.

Oh, come now, cheer up. Dry your eyes and go round, Peter.

Get on with your hoops and balls, the rest of you!

Say you are very sorry but your ball is in her garden and may you fetch it.

Yes, yes, I know what Mrs. Parker said, but it's your duty to go. There are a great many unpleasant things in this life, dear, that just have to be faced. Now go along.

Richard, what on earth has happened? All stand still.

Michael pushed you over? Come here, Michael. Look at this poor child's knees. Aren't you ashamed?

You are a thoroughly naughty little boy, Michael. Go and stand by my desk.

Let me look, Richard.

Oh, dear!

Anna, take him in. Fetch some cottonwool from the first-aid box and some lint, please—oh, and scissors. Perhaps I can find a sweet in my cupboard, Richard, you're being a very brave boy.

The rest of you hold up balls and hoops.

Girls, tiptoe to the wall and put back your hoops, then stand on the white line.

Boys, QUIETLY put balls away, then CREEP to the other white line.

All as thin as a pin! Lovely!

Lead on, children.

There's going to be a sweet for any child who can dress and sit in its desk without saying ONE WORD!

## Ours Was a Quiet Square.

OURS was a quiet square by night—I thought. One could walk from the bus-stop and meet no one in a quarter of a mile. One's footsteps made an intrusive sound; one wondered whether the sleeping citizens would hear and be disturbed. There was an occasional cab, with the inevitable slamming door; there was also an occasional cat. At the mid hour of night when stars are weeping—an indeterminate sort of time which I have always taken to be not twelve o'clock but about half-past two or three—and even when the stars

were just twinkling as usual, there was rarely a sound. (I mean, of course, since 1945: for a few years before that there was sometimes a considerable amount of noise.)

But one day lately they dug up the road. They dug it up—and put it back—three times. They are just finishing the third putting back. And now we have a night-watchman who sits in one of those fascinating little shelters that night-watchmen erect mysteriously when no one is looking. And I shall never make the mistake again of thinking that the night-watchman has an easy time of it. This poor man never has an idle moment. Twelve o'clock, half-past two, three—it's all one to him. He's at it the whole night.

I've seen him start at about dusk. He potters round his shelter with bunches of lanterns in his hand, four in this hand, three in that. They are unlit of course; he never carries more than one lighted lantern. He may have to walk several hundred yards to place some of them when they are burning, but he will not carry more than one at a time.

You would think that, this duty fulfilled, he could settle down quietly. But it is astonishing—even alarming when one thinks of fuel scarcities, targets and so on—how often a brazier needs replenishing. At every hour of the night he has to shovel coke. I have looked at this brazier during the day, and I cannot tell how so much shovelling can be needed to fill it. And he has always so nearly run out: his shovel touches rock-bottom every time and goes on scraping rock-bottom hopefully for a matter of minutes before he is satisfied that he can shovel up no more.

Then, he is afflicted by a nasty cough. I suppose the night gets chilly; perhaps the difference between the cooling atmosphere and the warm, burning coke sets up a tickle. He has a permanent tickle, our watchman. But it may be because he talks too much.

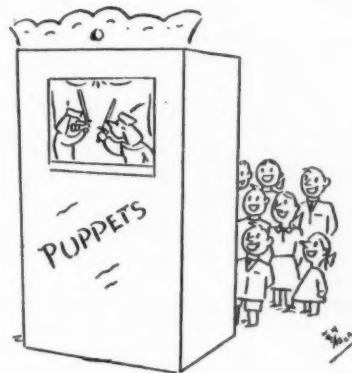
This is the most astonishing circumstance of all, that he always has someone to talk to. In our square—our square that is so deserted of nights. He is soliloquizing, I thought yesterday—or was it this morning? and was it for half an hour or an hour that I had been listening to shovelling, coughing, shuffling, and finally conversation?—soliloquizing, a habit he has probably picked up since Sir Laurence Olivier took to filming Shakespeare. But I could hear two voices. It did occur to me that he might be reading plays aloud—or that he enjoyed providing both sides in a conversation. But after

a few minutes there were muttered farewells and footsteps announced the departure of one of the speakers.

It had happened like this before. Why did I never hear anyone arrive, but only heard voices and a departure? In the middle of the night, released from the necessity to think reasonably, one has pleasing conceits: perhaps he—the talkative stranger—arrived by helicopter—portable of course; he folded it up and stole away with it, but not silently. Yet he arrived silently. It must have been a sort of glider, then. How very pleasant to glide down gently into a starlit square—carefully steering clear of the brazier of course—to glide down gently, just to glide... There was that abominable man, shovelling coke again—stamping and shovelling and coughing.

To-day I had to go out of the square by an unaccustomed way—not towards the station but towards the park. Round the corner I paused, looked at the tarpaulined shelter in the road—and went back to the corner to stare at the way I had come. Yes, there were two of them: two little huts, two long stretches of pole, and two lots of lanterns—two watchmen who sometimes felt lonely in the night and between their shovelling longed for a snatch of friendly conversation...

Perhaps when I came home this evening one such conversation was taking place. Darkness had fallen. Passing the little shelter, I glanced in; but the watchman was not there. Side by side on the narrow seat, staring solemnly into the glowing fire that lit up a corner of our quiet square, were two little boys who ought to have been long since in their beds. I do not wonder that the ancients regarded fire with reverence: anything that, merely by its presence, can make the very young at once so still and so silent deserves the greatest respect.



## At the Pictures

*Angelina—Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—The Window  
The Accused—Road House*

**WATCHING** the Italian picture *Angelina* (Director: LUIGI ZAMPA) I found myself wondering irresponsibly whether an ordinary, cheerful, unthinking audience would see any

*Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House* (Director: H. C. POTTER) is an amusing trifle, most expertly done, about a New York advertising man who decided to build his own house in the country and found it came expensive. This is a situation all the facets of which have been endlessly explored in humorous articles and stories, but acted with dazzling competence by people like MYRNA LOY, CARY GRANT and MELVYN DOUGLAS, and under the able control of a director skilled in light comedy it turns out to be very enjoyable entertainment, with none of the

to believe him. This is well worth looking out for (they aren't bothering to advertise it much).

*The Accused* (Director: WILLIAM DIETERLE) is a Southern California murder story, with psychological trimmings (the guilty person is a woman professor of psychology—played by LORETTA YOUNG) among others. She murders in self-defence and makes the mistake of keeping quiet about it; the film follows with mounting tension the gradual discovery of the truth by a glum detective (WENDELL COREY) and a friendly lawyer (ROBERT CUMMINGS). It's a smooth, very efficient, quite absorbing picture with many enjoyable details, including some excellently "thrown away" dialogue.

I recognize with regret that the "subject," the mere ingredients, of *Road House* (Director: JEAN NEGULESCO) will be enough to turn some people against it: a hard little anecdote of two men's rivalry for a night-club singer (IDA LUPINO), culminating in a violent death. But as it's about as well done as anything of its kind could possibly be, I found it continuously entertaining, from the very amusing early scenes (full of acid wisecracks) to the extreme suspense of the final pursuit.

R. M.



[*Angelina*]

### THE POLICEMAN'S LITTLE LOT

Pasquale Bianchi . . . . . NANDO BRUNO  
Angelina Bianchi . . . . . ANNA MAGNANI

difference in kind between it and a typical Gracie Fields picture—and also whether an ordinary Italian audience wouldn't enjoy it in precisely the same way as an ordinary British audience enjoys a Gracie Fields picture. I don't suggest this proves anything, but it's interesting. The main situation here, let's face it, is very much the sort of thing they used to cook up for Gracie Fields: hard-working poor housewife leads neighbours against forces of wealth and big business. The difference comes from the Italian film's flavour of harsh reality: in the early sequences here it's real poverty, not comfortable people humorously pretending to be poor—and real people, not comedians showing that when put to it they can drop their aitches. Even the circumstances of the story have an authentic air at first: it is all too likely that the people she had helped would turn against their leader in a mob on discovering that they were not to get quite all they had expected. Unfortunately authenticity is thrown overboard for the sake of a neat sentimental ending. But the great worth of the film comes from ANNA MAGNANI's performance, and the rounding-off of the story cannot affect the brilliance of that. Her immensely sympathetic vitality is wonderful to watch.

usual flatness of well-trodden ground.

Mentioning *The Window* (Director: TED TETZLAFF), which is being run as second feature to *Mr. Blandings* and was never, I believe, officially shown to the Press, may deprive my two remaining pictures of a few extra words to which their first featurehood entitles them, but no matter: *The Window* must be mentioned. Mr. TETZLAFF is known as a Director of Photography, not as a director, and this is an obvious "cameraman's picture"; but it's none the worse for that, and the characteristic indications—such as designs with shadow, particularly the shadow of slats and netting—add to the visual interest without weakening the admirably-managed suspense, the excitement and humanity of this story of an imaginative boy who saw a murder and afterwards couldn't get anybody



[*Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House*]

### COMBINED OPERATIONS

Jim Blandings . . . . . CARY GRANT  
Muriel Blandings . . . . . MYRNA LOY

## Sunday

"YOUR friend Sympson," said Edith, "has gone completely mad at last. As I passed his house just now he was standing in the front garden wearing his dressing-gown and carpet slippers and beating one of those Kugomba war-drums that he brought back from Africa in 1945. The noise was terrific, and a large and angry crowd was gathering in the street."

It was about three-thirty on a wet Sunday afternoon, and though one must allow a certain latitude to the eccentricities of genius, I had to admit that this time Sympson seemed to have gone a bit too far. I put on my hat with the intention of popping along and venturing a quiet remonstrance, but as I opened my own front door I saw Sympson just rounding the bend, beating the war-drum as he ran, and hotly pursued by an angry mob. With a last wild tattoo on the drum and a glance over his shoulder he dashed up my garden path and through the door, which I shut hastily. Edith relieved him of the drum and he sank breathlessly into a chair, his face wreathed in smiles.

"You are no doubt puzzled," he said, "by my action in beating a Kugomba war-drum at three-thirty on a wet Sunday afternoon in Munton-on-Sea?"

"*Chacun à son goût*," I said, diffidently, "but I am willing to admit that it struck me as just a trifle odd."

"The explanation," he said, "is perfectly simple. I wrote a letter to the *Munton Observer* last week complaining of the extremely noisy behaviour of my neighbours on Sunday afternoons, and the editor refused to print it. He admitted that it was a good letter, of high literary quality, but he said that he had already printed forty-three letters from my pen in the past twelve months, and that owing to shortage of newsprint he was obliged to ration his space."

"I cannot see any connection between the *Munton Observer* and the war-drums," I said.

"It should be plain to the meanest intellect. I always dedicate Sunday afternoon to slumber. This afternoon I lay down on my divan with various opiates. A pipe of strong tobacco, some aspirins, and the latest White Paper on the Economic Situation. Within five minutes Morpheus all but had me in his arms, when the man in the flat overhead started jumping up and down in heavy boots, making my



"No television—how quaint!"

ceiling shake. Whether he was cracking nuts or skipping to get his fat down I do not know, but Morpheus withdrew from beside my divan with an aggrieved frown.

"When the noise overhead subsided Morpheus sidled up again, and at that moment the man next door started up his car, and left the engine running explosively for ten minutes. Then he drove off, and Morpheus approached again, only to slink off a moment later as a loud noise of hammering came from the flat below. This was followed by a duet of howls from the twins in a pram in the porch, the barking of nine dogs, a Salvation Army band in the next street, the fire-hooter, and two wireless sets blaring through open windows, one providing an orchestral concert and the other a lecture in Spanish on the vitamin-content of dehydrated vegetables. This was too much for Morpheus, who

donned his overcoat and goloshes with an air of dudgeon and stalked out of the house.

"What was I to do? When in Munton-on-Sea one must do as Munton-on-Sea does. It seemed churlish and invidious to be the only person within a mile not making a noise. So I went into the front garden and started beating the larger of my Kugomba war-drums. I thought the population would be delighted, but human nature is very queer. Not only was a sporting effort made to lynch me, but I will bet my carpet-slippers that at least nine people will write to the *Munton Observer* pleading for peace and quiet on Sunday afternoons." D. H. B.

### You Have Been Warned.

"Bournemouth. Board resid. from 4½ gns., h. and c. excellent cuisine, except end July..."—Advt. in "*Gloucestershire Echo*."





"I've got that message off him at last, Elsie; it says 'Urgent—attack at dawn'."

## The Peaceful Country Life

Cocker to the Kennels

**P**AULY'S voice floats up to me from the hall.

"Hurry, Mummy—the bus is waiting. Oh, hurry up! Down, Jane—sit down, darling. I'm packing your trunk. Mummy, may I put her last bone in, Mummy? She'll be so lonely in the kennels—and Daddy's gardening glove. Oh, the driver's getting in—do hurry—Oh, no, he's not, not yet, he's only looking for something. What did you say, Mummy? The dining-room clock says ten to, but it's fast by the pips. The little one on your bureau says twenty to. You'd better hurry up or you'll miss it. Poor Jane! Oh, I wish you needn't go to the bally old kennels, darling—but they'd never let

you into the plane, and it won't be for long and I'll send you a postcard every single day, well, every second day. What did you say, Mummy? The shopping-bag? All right. Yes, I know, I forgot to hang it up again. It's on the floor in the pantry—I've got it. Could Jane have her little stick that she was chewing? Oh, why not, Mummy? She'll be so lonely in the kennels with nothing to play with. Oh, the driver's in, Mummy—fly! You'll miss it."

I plunge downstairs, coat unfastened, bag and gloves in hand, seize shopping-bag and small box with Jane's belongings, and finally grab the lead. We dash down the steps and along to the

bus at a hand-gallop, Jane all out at the end of the lead. As I arrive the driver lets in the clutch and I stagger on to the platform. The lid of Jane's box, which Pauly has forgotten to fasten, flies off, and the contents scatter. A large knuckle-bone loosely wrapped in grease-proof paper lands on the knee of a gentleman sitting opposite the door, a much-chewed glove and a brush-and-comb hit him on the shin, while Jane jumps on the next seat and bestows enthusiastic licks on the face of an infant in its mother's arms. Amid the confusion and my stammered apologies the gentleman retrieves the brush-and-comb with the glove, wraps the bone in its paper, repacks the box, fastening the strap, and hands it to me with an encouraging and sympathetic smile. Holding everything with difficulty, I drag Jane off the pardonably frigid lady with the baby and make for an empty seat. Jane leaps up, paws on the high back of the seat in front and gives an affectionate snort close to the ear of the occupant, who shoots forward, turning an indignant face on me. I sit down, crimson and exhausted, while Jane, crooning with excitement and general goodwill towards all, tries to climb up the window and falls backward off the edge of the seat.

"Tickets, please," says the expressionless voice of the conductor. Winding the lead firmly round my hand, I search feverishly for my purse—it's not in my handbag—can I have left it on the dressing table?—horror—bored conductor stares stonily ahead—interested fellow-passengers gaze from all sides—I remember suddenly that I put the purse in my coat pocket for convenience, and relax slightly.

"A return to town, please."

"Tuppence for the dog, ma'am."

I feel a momentary desire to sell her for less as she scrambles up again on to my knee, knocking everything to the floor. Several passengers bend forward to help and I accept, with appropriate thanks and confusion, handbag, gloves, shopping-bag and Jane's holiday box. I push Jane into the corner of the seat and barricade her by sitting practically on top of her. I fasten my coat, adjust my hat, put on my gloves, and proceed to meditate on sentiments expressed in a letter received that morning: "Surely you have no need of a holiday. How I envy you your peaceful country life!"

o o

"H.M.S. CHRYSANTHEMUM LEAVES"  
Heading in "The Times."

A ship of the Vegetable class?

## The Inevitability of Nothing

THEY said you would tell me my fortune."

The small fat woman grunted. "Is it the cards, teacups, the hands or the crystal?"

"I've just had tea," I explained; "perhaps the crystal."

"With significance?" she asked. "It's sixpence extra."

"Please."

We sat together over a crystal in a dark room. A number of pigeons flew hopelessly round the ceiling. Only their flutterings could be heard until Madam Koob Noitar resumed speech. She spoke with the soft-honeyed, acid-spiced breath of the Orient. She had been eating lemons. The words dripped jam-like and suspended in time until spattered into the past. (She also had a cold.)

"And now," she whispered, "the golden sun, sinking slowly into the West, heralds the arrival of friendly darkness, bejewelled with stars, unless it's raining. The city stands, stark, raw and beastly against the glow. Sin crawls from its lair into the warmth of the night. Children's Hour is over: the neon-lights beckon, the fish-and-chip parlours call. All over the city cats crawl away from dust-bins on inglorious missions. Little men hurry home to the welcome of the weather forecast and fried herrings. Women, hot-faced and tired, watch dials and meters and revel in the thrill of power. Children whimper, wide-eyed under the blankets; strong men lead dogs around the streets; duchesses sneak into the cinemas; men with tough cardboard shoulders pass words and notes and tankards; a little girl in Golders Green burns herself on a hot-water bottle . . ."

"This is ridiculous," I said. "You've got Valentine Dyall on the brain."

"Large men with feet and helmets walk aimlessly about," she continued; "young women sip gin and contemplate the horrors of the last bus; babies begin their nightly howl for food: it is nearly ten o'clock. Strange, evil men don masks and gloves and stroll to Hatton Garden. Let us follow a woman in this confusion."

"By all means."

"She emerges from a door marked seventeen. She has a pale face, tinged green under the vile street-lamp. Purple-lipped and determined she looks this way and that. The road is clear: she crosses to the other side. A man whistles but she ignores the signal. She carries something against her

heart. It is wrapped in newspaper. She guards it with her life. The world must not know of her passage through the night. A door looms before her; she kicks it open and walks up some stairs. Does she go to her death?"

"Oh, do go on!" I said. "This is unbearable."

"She knocks at another door. A small boy opens it and stares at her coldly. The smell of badly-cooked food is upon us. She chokes and speaks to the boy, and gives him the heritage she has guarded. What does she ask of the child?"

"Has he read any Graham Greene lately?"

"Pah! Certainly not! She gives him her jug and says 'Ask your Ma if she can lend me half a pint of milk, there's a good kid.' See?"

"Yes, but what's this to do with my fortune?" I asked.

"You asked for significance," she said.

"Try it without," I said. "Try my past."

She breathed—heavily, slowly and almost uselessly.

"I can see nothing but the sky," she murmured. "But wait! I see a small, dark man. He is surrounded by fresh air. He comes closer. He is very close. He pulls a face. I can hear the roar of the surf. We are on a beach. The small, dark man looks all round him: there is no one in sight. He picks up a deck-chair and takes it away. He finds a quiet spot and sits in the chair. The chair collapses. He is saying something now. He throws the

chair away. Languor steals over him. He is asleep. Aha!

"A beautiful girl strolls under the pier. Another girl comes. They walk together towards the small, dark man. Other girls surround him. There are a lot of beautiful girls there now, but the dark man sleeps. More girls arrive. I think it is a trades union meeting. The place is lousy with girls."

"It's a lie!" I cried. "I haven't been to Herne Bay since I was a child."

Madam Koob Noitar hit the crystal with her fist in fury at the interruption. I soothed her eventually.

"You see," I explained, "I want to know my fortune, and these people you describe cannot possibly be friends or even relations of mine."

"All right," she sighed, "perhaps we'd better try the hands. There is a sink and some soap in the corner."

After I had grappled with the soap for a while I returned to her table and sat facing her. For a long time she stared with disgust at my palms. Eventually she spoke.

"Two pounds, four shillings," she said.

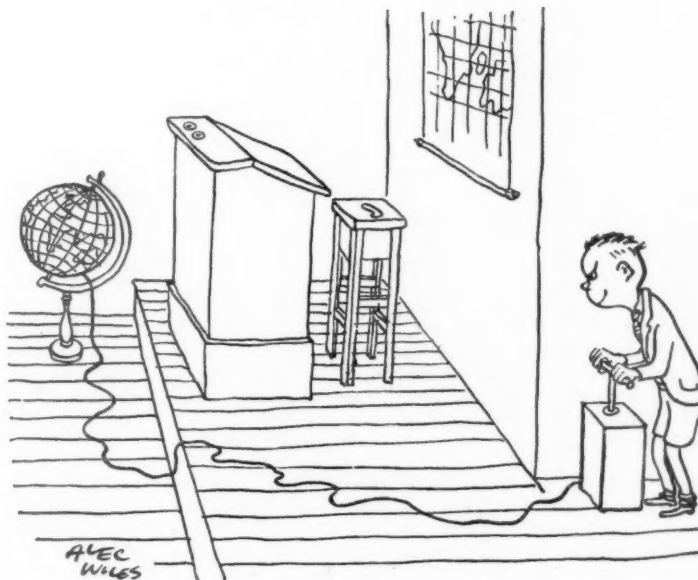
"Almost useless," I said. "It might get you as far as Crewe."

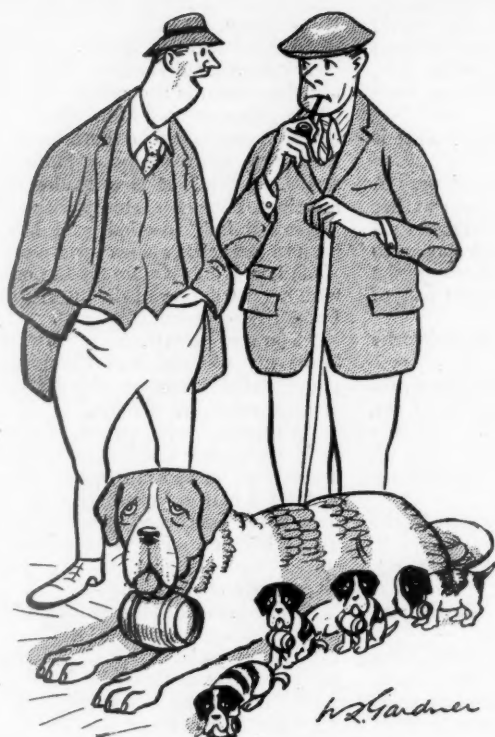
"Your fortune," she summed up, "is forty-four shillings."

"Quite wrong," I said, producing my wallet. "I have two pounds, eleven shillings and sixpence."

"Seven-and-six fee," she snapped, taking it.

I departed with neither argument nor seven-and-sixpence, but with significance; yes, with much significance.





"Of course, I only breed them for the brandy."

## H. J.'s Belles-Lettres

**T**HIS Belle-Lettre is about Scenery. With this stark but well-constructed sentence I separate myself at one blow from those essayists who wind their way sinuously into the heart of the subject, as if afraid that revealing their hand too soon may drive readers off. In my view, any reader who cannot be brought face to face with the subject without flinching ought to be driven off. He is not the kind of reader who does a writer any good.

A rare place for scenery is the Lake District. There are two main kinds in this area—scenery looked down on from heights and scenery looked up at from valleys. As a matter of principle I shall take the first first. Astride on rugged mountain top the climber tries to part the mist with his hands and see some point outside the Lake District. Anyone, for example, who saw the Potteries from Scafell Pike would feel quite remarkably rewarded for his toil. Looking immediately downwards, the climber then feels he has used an uneconomic amount of energy in coming such a short way. If he has a taste for simile, or has much associated with those who have, he will observe that the human figures in the valley look as small as dolls, though every father knows that dolls are remarkable for their size.

Staring up from the floor of the Lake District, usually thought of as "sea-level," the traveller identifies. All round him are dozens of hills and bits of hill and each gets frequently identified, as a kind of compensation for not being climbed. Many tragedies have begun with an

argument between identifiers, this not being a field in which absolute truth is readily attainable, if indeed it exists. Flat walkers also call attention to stone walls, Beatrix Potter cottages and indications of a break in the rain.

I have previously referred to the quite different scenery of Sussex; it would, however, be contrary to all the canons of literary art not to refer to it again. Sussex does not purge the spectator with pity and terror but gently cheers without inebriating. It provides copses, farms, ups (or Downs), coachways, motor-coachways, racecourses, Saxon place-names and an aquarium. Not all these beauties are strictly scenic, but the unadulterated contemplation of Nature is wearing on the personality, so I have widened my scope and become, for the moment, rather inclusive.

For some, Scenery means not English fell and fen, but paddy-field, jungle or karoo. For some, it is not the first sight of Cotswold or Mendip that dents the memory, but the first sight of Pekin or Pernambuco or Blankenberghe. We cannot all be the same, can we? "Oui," answers Dame Echo, as ambiguous as a demmed oracle. It is usual to say that whereas foreign parts beat the Homeland on size and splendour, the Homeland wins on variety and small-scale charm. It should be pointed out, however, that the effect of foreign scenery is far more demoralizing. No one's head swells because they have lingered along a Kentish lane or ambled across a Yorkshire moor; whereas few can forget in company that they have seen the Grand Canyon or climbed Everest or even canoed down the Congo.

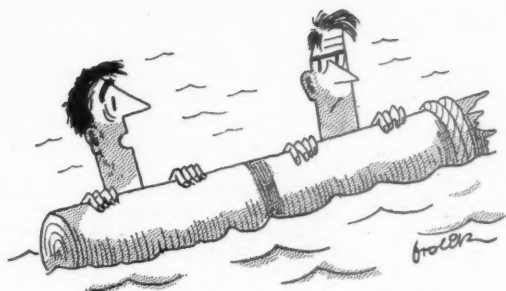
Film scenery is either wet slums in black and white or fine rural summers in colour. Sometimes it is small models magnified. These were most useful when disasters were popular; but the taste for disasters has rather died out. Audiences have discovered that they do not really see expensive fires, floods and gales and they have lost interest, they always liking to feel that the producer has made a loss and that they are therefore, as it were, getting more than their money's worth.

Stage scenery is usually a hangover from easel painting. When such was highly detailed and representational, every sprig of wild thyme on a bank would be painted on the backcloth. When cubism came in you got cubes littered about the stage, from the tops of which actors recited the better known speeches of Shakespeare. A return to Blake might well lead to backcloths' being engraved. Stereoscopic scenery has not so far been invented, as far as I know, but it looms over the lover of drama as a revival of the novel in verse looms over the lover of novels in prose.

An important element in scenery is emptiness. Views are judged by the absence of human beings and their habitats; to be logical true view-lovers should stay at home themselves and leave their loves completely empty and perfect. This scenery addiction is a chill-hearted business. If Snowdon were covered by rows of cottages with people at their doors waving to one, the effect would be not cheering and lovable but merely steep. The presence of all men being brothers in a beauty spot seems to inhibit whatever is the contemporary equivalent of awe.

In my dreams the scenery is always glossy and neat with the simple sparkle of a grocer's calendar. One of my most persistent dreams is that I am watching people enter a rose-framed cottage door. The thatch is gay with creeper and swallow and from the surrounding meadows the bleating of lambs rises into the clear sunshine. Nearby purls a crystalline brook and on the skyline bright green hills are diversified with plantations of elm and oak. The visitors to the cottage, however, are all members of the staff of *The Manchester Guardian* and each has a nose for news, emphasized by a blob of ink on the tip.





"In the film version they drift aimlessly for the best part of a fortnight."

## Revealed

**W**HAT did she say?—I'll tell you. I thought there was something, but I never expected that; it just shows.

Of course she hadn't a leg to stand on. She didn't answer at first, so I said "Well? Surely you know, you *must* know; and why should I guess?—it wouldn't be fair to you or to me, and after all, I have a *right* to know," as of course I have, considering it concerns me indirectly, but I wasn't going to tell her what I had heard—naturally—so I just went on. "Do you imagine," I said, "that a matter of that kind can be decided all in a moment, and then, do you think it likely that it would be put about casually for everyone to turn inside out before the principal people concerned had time to know where they stood?" She put on a heavy sort of obstinate look, so I went on. "You know yourself the danger of hearsay, especially if there's an element of truth in it; you came in for some of that once, didn't you, and believe me, mud sticks."

Oh, I didn't let her off; and I added "Nobody really knows *now* what happened, and if they don't know, they go on believing anything. Only the other day someone asked me if you had made it up, and when I said nobody had a good word for you at the time and it wasn't likely you would have started such a story yourself, they said they meant reconciled, which shows how far astray people get."

I let her see I wasn't too pleased about something, and she knew well enough what it was, but I never expected her to play about and then bring out what she did. It took my breath away; obviously she was well aware of the real state of affairs, and simply didn't care—not only didn't care, but was following a line of her own which was nothing more nor less than gratuitous interference, for it has nothing whatever to do with her, especially since she has been kept at arm's length by the family. Of course *they* know, but they are not in a position to say anything, and no doubt she realizes that. But I was determined to get it out of her, little thinking she had been calmly working, goodness knows what for. I cornered her at last and, as I say, I simply couldn't believe my ears, but there you have it. I don't know what *you* think; to me it's all very unpleasant, but I'm glad I spoke and brought her to the point. Isn't it a revelation?

## On Rejection

"**T**HE Editor regrets" again . . .  
 Poor poem, like so many others—  
 Frail offspring of my heart and brain—  
 You've played the troubadour in vain,  
 Go, join your luckless elder brothers . . .  
 And yet, when disappointment smothers  
 Each fledgling song, new lyrics spring:  
 I sing because I have to sing.

What though the world be deaf and blind?  
 The artist must be true to Art  
 And keep the vision clear in mind;  
 Though fame elude him, he will find  
 His true reward in his own heart.  
 So when from this life I depart,  
 Oh, waste no tears on my behalf,  
 But let this be my epitaph:

"A poet lies beneath this stone  
 Who plucked an unapplauded lyre  
 For his own ear, and his alone.  
 He won no bays, his name's unknown,  
 He never set the Thames on fire;  
 'Twas not for fame he sang, nor hire,  
 But tunes welled up and words took wing:  
 He sang because he had to sing."



## Outdoor Notes from Paris

"WHAT would one say," asked M. Albert suddenly, "if one made a picnic?"

There was a dismayed hush. I was uneasily aware that one or two accusing glances were directed towards me, as being the obvious instigator of this barbaric suggestion.

M. Jules was the first to recover. "In what concerns me," he said, "a picnic tells me nothing. There are always insects."

"For my part," said M. Jean-Jacques, "I prefer my food unmixed with dust, foliage and bitumen."

"Among the English," said Mme. Boulot, eyeing me coldly, "it is, one relates, a custom to make picnics. But the English are not amateurs of the good life." She has not yet forgiven me for my rash criticism of her *rogmons savutés* some six months ago.

"I do not propose," said M. Albert

impatiently, "a picnic à l'anglaise. For the picnic I have in my head there will be all that is necessary for the comfort. We will engage the lorry of M. Jules, for example."

M. Jules' attitude altered visibly. "Understood," he said. "Agreed. For the hire of my lorry, however, there is an affair of two or three hundred francs." He studied the ceiling.

M. Albert's impatience heightened. "Let us not discuss bagatelles," he said. "That will arrange itself." He looked at me confidently.

"Perfectly," I said. There was nothing else for me to say.

"In the case," said Mme. Boulot, "where we launch ourselves on a picnic it will be essential to take with us the armchair of my poor Boulot. Never did he make a picnic without it."

"I will furnish the table and small chairs—without additional charge," said M. Jules handsomely.

Enthusiasm mounted rapidly, and by the end of the evening M. Jules had no difficulty in arranging for a second lorry to be placed at our disposal. He appeared not to hear my plea for a slight reduction in the hire charge.

On the following Sunday morning we set out for the forest of Fontainebleau, after only two false starts: one owing to M. Albert's having forgotten his accordion, and one owing to everyone having forgotten M. Alphonse, who was with difficulty removed from his semi-permanent residence a couple of feet away from Mme. Boulot's stove.

The arrangement had been that we should all bring our own food and drink. Some amusement was aroused by my ham sandwiches and beer, which I bore with good humour, though I considered Mme. Boulot's comments rather laboured.

"See, then," she said gleefully, "the English fashion of making a picnic. You have without doubt brought your teapot and your *rosbif*?" She was almost, but not quite, too overcome with mirth to attend to her *hors d'œuvres*, prior to dealing with the

roast chicken and salad which preceded the *rôti de bœuf*.

It was not until much later in the afternoon that I had my revenge. I think it must have been the third slice of Camembert, or possibly the melon, that proved too much for the late M. Boulot's chair. The resultant collapse was highly satisfactory to all but Mme. Boulot.

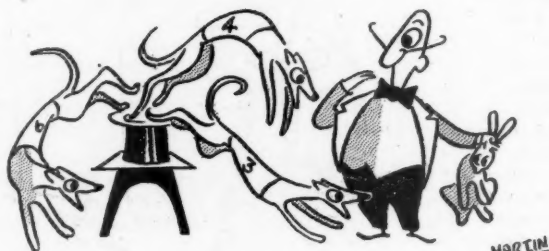
It was almost indecent of M. Albert to end the picnic as he did.

"It is droll," he said pensively, "to reflect that the English make picnics without chairs."

## Spring Collection

IT seems only the other day that we were reading about the first post-war fashion shows in Paris, about the amazing ingenuity of *couturiers* with such household names as Schumpenfelt, Deglourmette, Ys and Strudelheim who were doing their level (or rather asymmetrical) best to hide the ravages of war and malnutrition. The new fashions, if you remember, were designed to camouflage emaciated wrists and ankles, pinched cheeks and every variety of deficiency disease. At the time I found myself distrusting the new modes instinctively. Later I decided that any woman with enough francs or husbands to afford such expensive garments would also be able to afford a body-building venture into the notorious black market of the period. I decided, too, that the "new look" cast an unmistakable slur on my sex: there was nothing whatever new in the way of camouflage in men's clothes and the inference was that we had done ourselves pretty well at women's expense throughout the war.

These thoughts and many, many more flashed through my mind as I made my way the other afternoon to a famous "Spring Collection" in Mayfair. It is not easy for a plain man to gain admittance to these halls of high *couture*, but with a bit of plasticine I somehow contrived to make my umbrella handle look as though it concealed a miniature camera, and so deceived the receptionist and won through to a comfortable seat in the dressy circle. When I had summoned up enough courage to raise my flushed head from my chest I discovered that my neighbours were two middle-aged women of distinguished mien, one of whom gave off the provocative fragrance of "Parfum Drame," and the other a tantalizing hint of "Toujours



L'Audace." It is to these ladies that I am chiefly indebted for the following fashion notes.

"Oh," said "Parfum Drame," as the first gown appeared, "isn't it gloriously ready-to-wear for immediate blooming and shaped into follow-me lines?"

"That ruffled collar caught in almost-real roses!" said "Toujours L'Audace."

The mannequin raised her skirt to show the edge of a sort of petticoat.

"This, surely," said "Parfum Drame," "is the way to approach a romantic and fashionable spring! Lines and graces and ease-of-manner all so typically just-so. Glimmers of pure silk-satin, drifts of dark and fragile lace . . . ahhh!"

"Ahhh," echoed "Toujours L'Audace," "they just couldn't wait to show us this out-of-the-world creation which is as feminine as the vapours."

The gown pirouetted, flounced four paces, turned on its heel as easily as a locomotive turn-table and strutted up the steps to an ornamental arch flanked by pieces of sculpture, which might have been attributed to Henry Moore but for the fact that all the holes were in the wrong places. Immediately a new creation appeared, "Parfum Drame" gasped and held her breath easily, as though she had been doing it for years.

"Oh, do look at that spectacular, trim little, slim little go-anywhere costume," she said, "so sharply etched in fine worsted. It fits right into my blueprint for spring!"

"Only look at that white piqué yoke that copycats a penguin's dress shirt!" said "Toujours L'Audace." "And the little intimate cape, to hold close about you, in softest wool suède cloth with contrasting rayon lining. Beige and black, kelly with navy, navy and . . . Oh, doesn't it know all about *persons*!"

"There's precious all-combed yarn there," said "Parfum Drame," "in a firm close weave for extra strength in every lustrous inch."

"It meets with instant acceptance," said "Toujours L'Audace."

The costume minced back up the steps to be replaced by an evening gown of incredible skimpiness. This time the critics held their breath for so long that I feared for their red corpuscles.

"Oh," exploded "Toujours L'Audace," "now *that's* what I call a real across-the-table delight for during-dinner compliments, and in such a light-hearted dancing mood. The neckline a beautiful scoop, scoop of the evening, beautiful scoop."

"Any girl in *that* dress," said



"One misses a lot—being brought up to appreciate it."

"Parfum Drame," "knows where to eat, what to read, what plays to see. And does she know clothes! Her favourite for summer? Why, this celestial, luminous dinner-and-on dress in stiff ribbed-silk which travels in to dinner with a swish of know-how . . ."

There were upwards of fifty offerings in the show and I stayed for the lot, enthralled by the comments of my fellow-travellers on the wing of prose. And when it was all over and I had pretended to slip the completed roll of film into my mouth, I went out into the work-a-day streets, found a just-for-you tavern and had a large, man-sized, devil-take-the-tax, come-hither glass of beer.

A little man in a faded black hat stood next to me at the bar. I noticed that he wore a frayed Gladstone-type collar to hide his pinched cheeks, threadbare striped trousers to mask his emaciated ankles, and a shabby blue coat with long sleeves to hide his

drum-stick wrists. His face was flushed from many gins-and-bitters to hide the tell-tale marks of innumerable deficiency diseases. But the thing that impressed me most about his appearance was a fine strapless multicoloured tie.

"That's a fine tie you got there, brother," I said.

"Glad you like it," he said. "Homage to spring, you know." HOD.

### To the Cuckoo

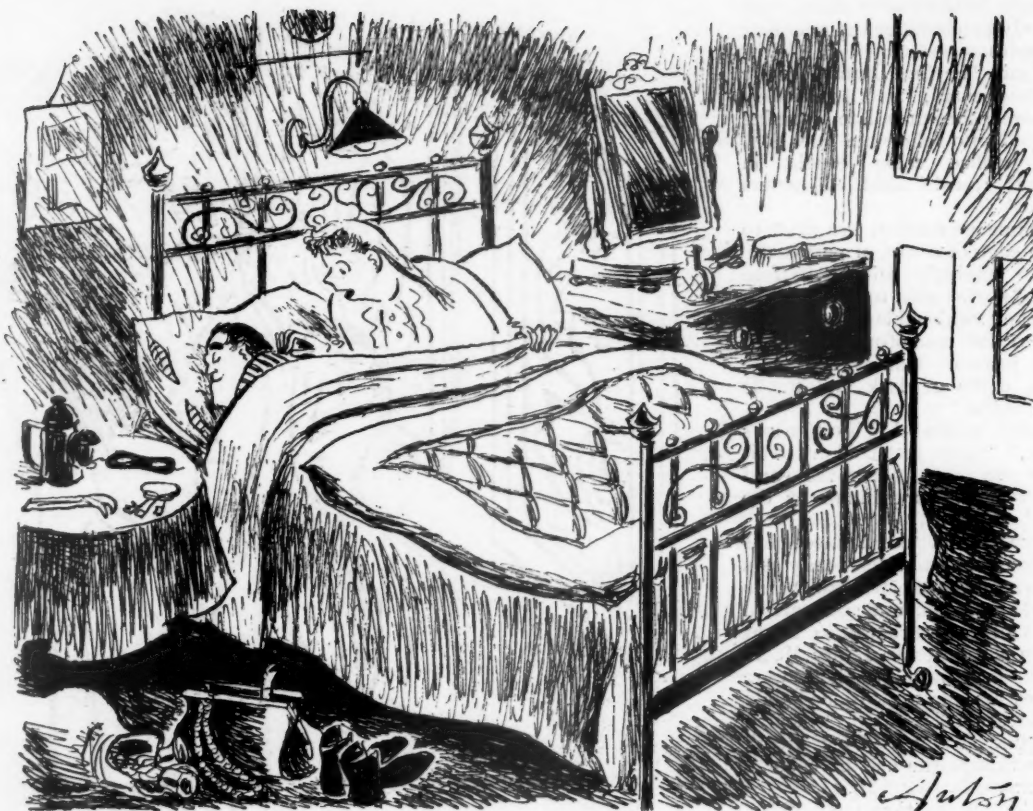
IN view of all the things I've heard  
About the way you live,  
O Cuckoo, shall I call you bird  
Or but a flying spiv? M. H.

### Calling All Starlings.

"GET TOGETHER ON DESTINATION  
INDICATORS"

Headline "Commercial Motor."





"Listen, Alf! I'm sure we've got police downstairs."

## Almanack

**Y**OU have told me, Almanack,  
How much the duck-billed dinosaur weighed  
And the amount of conscience money paid in  
1928;

If it should fall to my lot to telephone to Hungary  
Or to send a parcel to Papua  
I know what the cost will be.

You have told me that the heart can blow smoke-  
rings,

And what peers are minors.

If some glamorous woman should ask me,

Her eyes glinting provocatively,

To estimate the acreage under beans in 1939

I shall be ready with a confident reply,

And later in the evening, thanks to you,

I may be able to give her one of the two kinds of  
deliberate wink

Recognized by Dr. Neumueller.

If at some gay rout

Our talk should be of the General Lighthouse Fund

I can give the amount of its income in 1946-7,

And if our host should guide the conversation

To the weight of the average Irishman

I shall not be unprepared.

If it should be my fate to be wrecked in the Skaggerak  
My companions will quickly be told its approximate depth,  
And for that matter

The population of Tibet,

The rateable value of Battersea

And what Prof. Okladnikov found in the Hissar mountains  
in 1938.

There is no chance now

That I shall ignorantly force my way into some assembly

In front of a Master in Lunacy

Or refuse to serve on a jury

If my house has fifteen windows or more;

And if I should leave any property in a taxi (or horse) cab

I know where to inquire for it.

I know the shaft horse-power of the battleship *Howe*,

The number of policemen in Scotland

And how long I am likely to live,

But one thing, Almanack, you have not disclosed,

And it is a matter about which I am ill-informed:

You have plotted my position in space to a nicety,

You have pinpointed me with Draconis and Betelgeux,

You have told me, in short, where I am—

But not why.



### HARRY AND THE BEANSTALK

[A start is now being made on the construction of a permanent home for the United Nations in New York.]

# MONDAY, April 4th.—

There is a story that when he was told that Mussolini had a Minister of Finance in his then well-nigh bankrupt country, Hitler roared with laughter. Whereupon, nettled, the Duce retorted: "I see nothing so laughable in that! After all, Fuehrer, you have a Minister of Justice!"

Mr. HENRY STRAUSS evidently had that story in mind to-day when he... But let the story begin at the beginning. Mr. ATTLEE was asked whether he would rename the War Office the "Army Office," on the ground that that would more nearly represent the function of the Department in modern times. Mr. ATTLEE said he did not think the change was called for.

Whereupon Mr. STRAUSS asked, in the deceptively-innocent manner in which he specializes, whether, if the questioner's principle were adopted, the Ministry of Food would not also have to be renamed.

This jest went very well. But a moment later questions were directed to the Minister of Food, and it was noted that he was not on the Government Bench. Nor, for once, was Dr. EDITH SUMMERSKILL, his lieutenant. Just as Sir WALDRON SMITHERS, watchful guardian of the dignity and decorum of the House, rose to ask that the Serjeant-at-Arms be sent to capture the missing Minister and produce the body in the House (all strictly according to the Rules) Mr. JOHN STRACHEY galloped (there is no other word for it) into the Chamber.

He was so breathless that he did not even apologize for his lateness, and he had to repeat an answer twice before he could make himself audible. We never shall know, perhaps, whether he had had to take evasive action on account of the presence in the Lobby of a deputation of housewives from the Midlands—armed with a distinctly part-worn mutton chop, sewn neatly to a card, which represented one person's weekly meat-ration.

Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, Minister of Agriculture, announced to general cheers that the Earl of Rosebery had consented to preside over a committee of inquiry into the export and slaughter of horses. The terms of reference are to be wide, and the many Members of all parties who have been concerned about the fate of horses sent to the Continent, supposedly to work, felt that they had gained a victory for their dumb friends.

TUESDAY, April 5th.—To-day's debate in the Commons came in

## Impressions of Parliament

Monday, April 4th.—House of Commons: Food—and Horses.

Tuesday, April 5th.—House of Commons: Exciting Last Act.

Wednesday, April 6th.—House of Commons: Budget Day!

Thursday, April 7th.—House of Commons: The Day After.

like a particularly suave lamb and went out like an especially aggressive and bad-tempered lion. It was about meat, and Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, fresh back from lands where meat is sometimes eaten, presented the Opposition's criticisms in his usual polite and chivalrous manner. He did say our national meat ration was a "dismal, piteous" affair, but nobody contradicted that. Then the debate went on with both sides having a go, and was politely wound up for the Opposition by Captain HARRY CROOKSHANK, who sat down with the words: "The Minister has broken all records by



Impressions of Parliamentarians

80. Mr. Eccles (Chippenham)

rationing potatoes and bread and cutting the meat ration twice in a few weeks; I think he had better go."

All this was good clean fun, but Mr. STRACHEY, when he replied, could not resist the temptation to be provocative, and he even permitted himself to comment that the Opposition allowed their political prejudices to outweigh their patriotism.

This, not unnaturally, caused some noise and Colonel MARTIN LINDSAY, D.S.O., entered a protest against such an insinuation "by an ex-member of the Fascist Party." This time, the shouting came from the other side, and Mr. PATON, on a point of "order," said the statement was a "lying one." While both sides shouted in disunited unison, Major JAMES MILNER, in the

Chair, tried manfully to restore order. When he had in part succeeded, Mr. STRACHEY, quite calmly, denied that he had ever been a Fascist, whereupon Col. LINDSAY withdrew, commenting that the Minister's

charge had been hurtful. But though the Knights were satisfied, their Squires and Squiresesses were not, and when, a moment later, a division began, there were several far-from-friendly bargaining matches between individual Members. Mr. WILLIAM WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, was seen to dive across the floor into the midst of what appeared to be the beginnings of a "mill." His authority (backed by not inconsiderable physical weight) ended the incident. But in several other parts of the House small but vigorous private fights seemed to be threatening, and various Members appointed themselves mediators, bringing the conflicts to an end with nothing more hurtful than hard words exchanged.

The vote over (and the Government having gained its smallest majority ever on any major debate—62) the next agenda item was called and Mr. Speaker took over the Chair.

Note for collectors: Mr. STRACHEY added the word "non-mealy-mouthedness" to Mr. Punch's Dictionary of Parliamentary English.

WEDNESDAY, April 6th.—But for "other considerations" Mr. HERBERT MORRISON might have been having a quiet laugh to-day, when he recalled that he had been accused of so timing the Budget statement that the Labour Party got the benefit of it in the County Council elections. The "other considerations," however, probably more than cancelled the laugh, for Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS's statement was a "knock-out." It knocked the occupants of the Government benches clean out of the ring. It left them gasping and grunting—and then sent them off to protest meetings.

It was an interesting affair to watch, as well as to listen to, for Sir STAFFORD played with his victims (his own Party colleagues) before he abruptly and unceremoniously "slapped them down." He spoke acidly of those who wanted the Government's spending cut, but who, at the same time, wanted the social services kept up. Labour Members made disparaging signs to the Tory benches and smiled confidently. Then the Chancellor went on to another part of his speech, and it was not until much later that he revealed that he had been "getting at" his own Party.

They wanted the purchase tax cut—



they wanted the social services kept up. They wanted more of this and that "free"—but they had to remember that the name was Cripps, not Croesus, and that the money had to be collected from somewhere. Governmental faces grew longer and longer as the Chancellor went on to voice such heretical doctrines as the belief that the rich had been soaked enough and that it was time for everyone to realize that the money must come from everyone.

When Sir STAFFORD said there must be realism, even if that were inconsistent with a desire to "court electoral popularity," the silent air was charged with atomic energy. The announcement that the cost of telephoning is to go up brought an "Oh!" of dismay from the phone-conscious Members. They were so perturbed by all this non-courting of the electorate (to use the current Parliamentary jargon) that they let pass, without so much as a breathed cheer, an announcement that there is to be a penny a pint off beer.

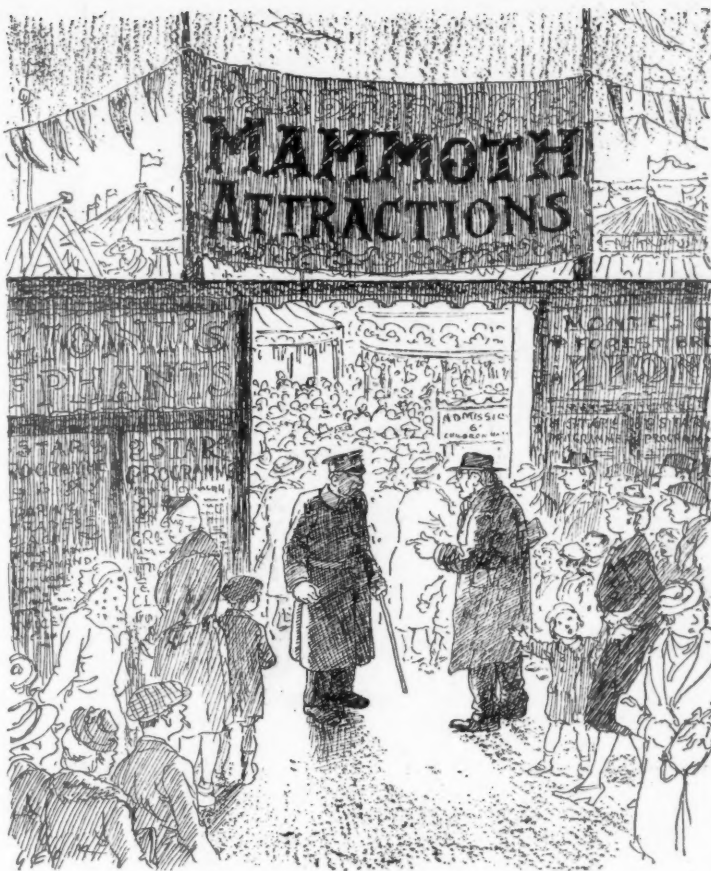
They were still thinking of the announcement that, in order to save Government money on subsidies, the price of cheese and meat is to go up 4d. a pound, margarine 1d. and butter 2d. With their hopes of a "cheaper living" election banner lying tattered before them, Government supporters withheld the usual cheer as the Chancellor sat down.

It was left to Mr. ANTHONY EDEN, for the Opposition, to offer congratulations on a courageous effort and thanks for the wisdom and realism Sir STAFFORD had shown.

"Appalling" was one of the milder epithets applied to the Chancellor's proposals by speakers on the Government side. And then everybody went home, or to the protest meetings. But, as the Sunday papers say, "more will be heard" of the matter.

**THURSDAY, April 7th.**—When Members trooped in to-day there was, to say the least, an extremely restrained cheer for the Chancellor on his entry.

However, he apparently retained both office and confidence, and Mr. QUINTIN HOGG added his quota to the general atmosphere by asking for time to discuss a motion of criticism of Major MILNER, as a result of the row on Wednesday night. But Mr. MORRISON suggested that he should forget it, and Mr. PATON obligingly withdrew his remark—which had led to all the trouble. In the end Mr. HOGG said, non-committally, that he would think about it all.



*"Will you please direct me to the alleged Elephas Primigenius?"*

## In Sangomor

*(Looking north from the shore at Sango Bay by Durness in Sutherland—the mountain Foinaven a distant observer.)*

**I** SAT upon a stone in Sangomor,  
In Sangomor, and what a place to sit!  
The little Arctic waves approached the shore,  
Turned over on their backs and walloped it.

For they had travelled southwards from the Pole,  
The children of the ice they were, no less.  
They carolled to each other "Let us roll!"  
And so they rolled, until they saw Durness.

Seeing that City that their way would bar,  
They hesitated; but they could not stop.  
"Is it for this," they said, "we came so far?"  
And overturned, and perished with a plop.

And whale-grey Foinaven, that long abides,  
Chuckled until he shook his white-ribbed sides.



"They've just played your request in 'Housewives' Choice'."

## The Cosmic Mess

THERE can be few columns that understand so little about Money as this one. Say the word "exchange", start an argument about "the price structure", and the eager mind of this column shuts up with an audible snap. It conscientiously begins to read all those long letters in *The Times* about "bilateralism" and "Bretton (or is it Burnham?) Woods": but long before the end it has to give up. All it knows is that something called "currency" runs hardly anywhere nowadays, and generally has to stay in the same place. It is not even quite clear why it talks about "hard" currencies, such as dollars, and "soft" currencies, such as francs. Does "hard" mean it is "hard to get"? Or is it like the "hard" in "hard liquor", meaning, this column supposes, "strong"? On the latter theory, "soft"

is quite good: but, on the former, the franc, surely, should be an "easy" currency. Who knows? Who cares?

And then, about Gold. No, this column is not going into the whole thing about Gold. It quite understands that all the gold has to be dug up at great expense from holes in South Africa and elsewhere and stored with great care in other holes in the United States. The reason for that is obvious, surely, to the youngest column or reader. But there is just one tiny query to which this column never gets quite the same answer from the many bankers and financial wizards with whom it associates. This column is old enough to remember the golden sovereign and the dear little half-sovereign, in the bad old days of Tory misrule, when the names of Bradbury, and Fisher, and Peppiatt, and Beale

meant nothing to us. The name that mattered was the name of His Majesty on a round gold coin. Well, if we were as strong as the United States and had only half their store of gold this column hopes we should have the golden coins again. Or shouldn't we? Why don't the Americans jingle the stuff in their pockets or purses instead of burying it at Fort Knox, or wearing it in the mouth? No doubt there is a fine short answer to this—or possibly a column-of-*The-Times* answer. But, if there is, what on earth is the good of Gold?

Pondering this problem, this column turned with some apprehension to a book called *Primitive Money*, by Paul Einzig.\* But at once it forgot both problem and apprehension. Suddenly the ways of modern Man seemed sensible and clear. The first half-column of the Index gives you the flavour of this fascinating work: "Adzes, Almonds, Arrows, Arrow poison, Axes, Bark cloth, Beads, Beef, Beer, Bells, Benzoe cakes, Betel nuts and leaves, Birds, Blankets, Boars' tusks, Bottles, Brass discs, Bread, Brick dust, Buffaloes, Butter, Camels, Camphor, Cannons, Cardboard . . ."

In Samoa "fine mats" are the thing. "They are used for the payment of compensation to outraged husbands. Fines, blood money, etc., are fixed in mats." A native district judge, giving evidence before a Royal Commission in the 'twenties, demanded that the law forbidding financial dealings in fine mats should be repealed. "Samoans did not consider it was a good law, because 'there is no difference between the fine mats and gold and silver. The European works and saves money in the bank for his children: Samoan children have fine mats. They are the coin of the Samoans or Samoan wealth.'"

And how much jollier than gold in Fort Knox! In New Caledonia "shells played a monetary rôle". "They were measured by the arm's length. They appeared to be highly valuable, considering that half an arm's length bought a small boat. Père Lambert came across an instance of forged shell money. The forger was caught and his counterfeit currency was withdrawn from circulation."

(How do you forge a shell? Ask this column another.)

"The Admiralty Islands had, until the eve of the second world war, and possibly still have, two currencies of approximately equal importance—shell strings and dogs' teeth."

One string of a hundred dogs' teeth was equivalent to a belt of thirty

\* Eyre and Spottiswoode

shell strings. "In 1929 a dog's tooth was worth ten taro roots or ten coconuts or forty betel nuts. Three eggs cost two teeth. In 1932 four to five dogs' teeth were worth a shilling."

The book does not say how the dogs' teeth were obtained. Were there dogs' dentists, or did you wait till they died? "Three eggs for two teeth"! What a temptation!

The "Stone Money of Yap" seems, in many ways, to be as queer as the "Gold Money of America". The money, "large stone discs" of aragonite, with holes in the middle, was brought to Yap from Guam or Pelew. The "material" cannot be found in Yap, and its quarrying and transport involved much labour and risk, for heavy loads had to be carried by frail native craft. "From one expedition to Guam, only one out of twenty boats returned." The stone has no practical non-monetary use: it is not an implement: nor is it considered to be ornamental. So Gold is, perhaps, one point up.

"During the 'eighties an enterprising Irish ship-owner, Captain O'Keefe, transported to Yap many large-sized stones from Pelew and Guam in return for copra. He became an almost legendary figure, because in possession of his vast wealth in stone money he was able to buy up anything and anybody he wanted in Yap."

The Americans occupied the island in 1945, and messed up things a bit with their barbarous dollar notes. But "possibly stone money still reigns supreme in the islanders' internal trade".

"According to legend," by the way, "the stone money is of divine origin." The Almighty stone.

Going the other way a bit, the Santa Cruz Islands, at least till the late 'thirties, used "feather money"—coils of red feathers. "Four coils of good quality would purchase an ocean-going canoe, and a bride would cost ten coils or more according to her looks and reputed industry . . . On Nukapu, Reef Islands, the native who murdered Bishop Patteson in 1871 was fined four coils of feather money."

Anything to do, this column wonders, with the saying: "You could have knocked me down with a feather"?

The savage cannibals of Rossel Island, it seems, have a monetary system more complicated than anything we did (whatever we did do) at Bretton (or Burnham?) Woods. They have two kinds of "money". "The one called *ndap* consists of individual pieces of *Spandylus* shell. The second type is called *nko* and consists of sets of ten shell discs made probably from

a giant clam. There are twenty-two different values of *ndap* and sixteen different values of *nko*. The difference between the two is that *ndap* represents higher values and its highest units are treated with religious reverence, and only its lower units circulate freely, while all units of *nko* circulate freely. Another difference is that *ndap* is regarded as men's money while *nko* is regarded as women's money."

The notion that some money ought to be kept out of the reach of women is found in other places: and some may think it is a pretty good idea.

The men get away with it by saying the money is sacred. We never thought of that.

On Alor, a small island to the north of Timor, the talk is not of "dollars" but of "drums and gongs". "On Alor all the hard work is done by women. Men have no time for gardening or other similar physical labour, for they have a full-time job on hand by looking after the highly involved financial system." Besides the drums and gongs, "pigs may also be regarded as a limited currency, while arrows are used as small change".

"In Nigeria gin fulfilled for a long time most of the essential functions of money. Very frequently bottles or cases passed from hand to hand for years without being consumed." "In some cases, gin represented the entire wealth of chiefs."

There are four hundred and seventy-five pages in this excellent book; and all the few pages this column has tried have yielded good value. Passed to you.

A. P. H.



## The Ends of Language

WHEN Britain first at Heav'n's command

Arose, a working-party planned  
The speech her heroes should be taught,  
Not, as erroneously thought,  
With reference to what words meant  
But with the primary intent  
Of making certain that they'd rhyme—  
The sense could follow in good time.  
Here was a nation born to song  
And so that nothing should go wrong  
With Chaucer, Shakespeare, and, well,  
me,

The rude artificers, *g.v.*,  
Made little groups of sounds to  
match  
And then gave meanings to each  
batch.

An aircraft—take a case—would fly  
Not in the ocean but the sky;  
And if I cry I dry my eye—  
And why? *Because* they versify.  
Is it mere chance that people hear  
Not with the knee-cap but the ear?  
That every time that blood is shed  
It has corpuscles coloured red?  
That what is pierced by Cupid's  
dart

Is not a midriff but a heart?  
That saxophones should moan? Pure  
luck

That luck itself is something struck?  
Quite obviously not. All shows  
Our tongue was made for more than  
prose

And very carefully worked out  
To rhyme, without the slightest doubt.  
The vale, the dale, the hill, the rill  
Were named to fill a double bill;  
It's a foreseen similitude  
When prudes allude to nudes as rude,  
And a deliberate telephone  
That charms us with its dialling  
tone.

All spells foreknowledge and design  
To make the meaning fit the line.  
Do boys have curls? And could our  
sorrow

Be past at last without to-morrow?  
Is Love below? Is there a moon  
In any other month than June?

No, reader, no! These perfect blends  
Of connotations and of ends  
Must surely teach our speech was  
found

Right from the start O.K. for sound—  
The rose by any other name  
Might smell but wouldn't rhyme the  
same.

Man was not made for speech, but  
speech for Man;  
English was made to rhyme and, often,  
scan.

JUSTIN



## She Was Forget It.

**I**MEDIATELY the head of the family mentioned the word "shopping" I did my best to look (like the bouman in *Kidnapped* when Alan Breck wanted him to carry a message to James of the Glens) both shifty and dull. One would not object so much to coming back from the office laden like a Tibetan porter if there were no shops in the village where we live. The bouman in question was a ragged, wild, bearded man, grossly disfigured with the small-pox, and being a bouman he lived by taking cattle from his landlord and sharing with him the increase. What he did if there was a decrease is not made clear by Stevenson, who was less concerned with such far-fetched hypotheses than with getting on with the story.

"I think a pound of coffee will be enough," said the head of the family, a far-away look in her eyes. "You might get some kippers at Dodgson's—there's nothing in the house for breakfast to-morrow; and you won't forget the elastic, will you? I'm afraid you'll have to call at Humboldt's for that curtain material; they forgot to send it yesterday. Two and a quarter yards of fifty-four-inch, and the little piece, about half a—"

"She was forget it," I said in a screaming voice. David Balfour, by the way, thought that the bouman had little good-will to serve them, and that what he had was the child of terror.



"Sir—I have used the same safety razor blade for 253 consecutive days. Is this a record?"

The head of the family desisted from the task of shovelling food into her second-in-command long enough to write down the list on the back of an envelope, and I wiped the porridge off my fountain-pen with my handkerchief and left the house at a shambling trot which I knew I could sustain over moor and glen for hours on end. But when at Lime Street I came to take out my wallet the envelope, which I had carefully placed beside my season-ticket, had vanished.

"Her nainsel will lose it," I muttered, rolling my eyes strangely and feeling for the hairy purse that ought to have been hanging at my waist.

The ticket-collector, eyeing me with a rather curious expression, said that in that case I would have to pay the return fare. I produced the season-ticket, which he examined with minute suspicion and loped away towards the office.

There is a telephone in my office (we move with the times in Liverpool) but none in my home. However, by lunch-time I was fairly confident that I had managed to recall every item on the list, and after my simple repast I made a tour of the shopping quarter and on returning to the office got the boy to make up my purchases into a single neat brown-paper parcel, which I placed in a conspicuous position on my desk. I attacked the afternoon's work with zest, sending back to be retyped a letter I had dictated in the morning which contained a reference to fifty-four elastic kippers, and soon I was so deep in concentration that I became oblivious to my surroundings. It came as a shock to me when I looked at my watch and found that I had barely time to catch my train.

I reached Lime Street Station with three minutes to spare. The same ticket-collector was on duty and, as I passed through the barrier with a cheery "Good evening," he extended an ape-like arm across my path. "Ticket, please," he said.

After a rapid search of my wallet I appealed to his better nature, pointing out that he had inspected my season-ticket less than eight hours before. His face (it was a narrow, clay-coloured face, and I am confident that if he had lived a couple of centuries earlier it would have been grossly disfigured with the small-pox) did not change. "You'll have to pay the fare," he said.

He wrote out the ticket with maddening deliberation, but he had miscalculated the time remaining, and I

was able to catch the train with some seconds to spare. As I walked down the platform the ticket-collector shouted something after me—probably some jeering allusion to the Pretender's retreat from Derby—which I studiously ignored. Just as the train started a stoutish, middle-aged man who lives in the same village as myself panted up and scrambled into the last compartment.

On the whole I felt that I had done fairly well; and when in the train I discovered my season-ticket in my overcoat pocket I became positively light-hearted. I strode up the hill to my domicile with the light, springy step of the mountaineer, whistling (if I remember rightly) "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye wauken yet?" I was conscious of having overcome, by sheer superiority of intellect, the powerful forces that had conspired during the day to bring about my ruin.

It was only as I laid my hand on the door-handle that I remembered the parcel on my desk, which I was certain I had brought with me; but I had not got it now. It was far too big a parcel to have been hidden in the neuk of my plaid, even if the Highland dress had not been outlawed by the Act of 1746; and I was reflecting bitterly on the total absence of any heather in which an unsatisfactory bouman might skulk for three or four days until the outcry against him had died down when a middle-aged, fattish man appeared at the garden gate. He was a good deal out of breath, and in his arms he carried a brown-paper parcel.

"I think this is yours," he said.

After I had wrung him by the hand and assured him that I and my family would be delighted at any time to take his cattle and share the increase with him on a very liberal basis, I asked him where he had found it.

"You left it at the barrier at Lime Street," he said. "The ticket-collector couldn't make you hear, so he asked me to give it to you."

He had a rather Whiggish appearance; but I will always give both him and the ticket-collector the name of honest men.

G. D. R. D.

"If Asia is allowed to fall into the Soviet sphere by default, the attack in the Middle East will surely be launched at once. And it may even begin much sooner."

New York paper.

Not sooner than yesterday, surely?



ANNALS OF A BRANCH LINE

II—*The Bird-watchers' Special to Twittering Woods*

THE resolutely sanguinary style of Mr. VIVIAN CONNELL's latest play leads me to suspect an overdose of not the best of Hemingway. They are plainly, at any rate, in the same literary blood group. Mr. CONNELL's "The Nineteenth Hole of Europe" was an imaginative piece of macabre speculation, saying violently but well things that in the main were worth saying. His *The Horn of the Moon*, now splashing the Boltons crimson, seems to me a pretentious example of the jugular - and - bottle department of the drama. It is a savagely animal picture of an alcoholic human zoo, and except that it is unintentionally funny in places I found it tedious and depressing. No hope is held out for any of its characters, who are only offered the strange belief that blood and death and fear and horror and everything disgusting to the eye and nose are what give life its redeeming savour. Blood, above all. Even Rosenberg, the Nazi's buffoon philosopher, contrived to find in it a mystic significance, but Mr. CONNELL is content to exalt it for its own sake as the grandest stuff. All this is doubly odd because in "The Nineteenth Hole of Europe," although he was very gloomy about the future of mankind, he stressed his conviction that so long as there was love there was hope. It was the true conviction, one felt, of a poet. In this new play there is no poetry unless you are prepared to acclaim the lyric beauty of the slaughter-house.

The academy of writers with which Mr. CONNELL, I hope only temporarily, has identified himself finds in very hot sun an essential part of its effects. The evisceration of Eskimos, for instance, holds no magic for them, whereas the slightest hint of surgery anywhere in the Mediterranean Basin intoxicates them instantly. The cruel sun of Spain is in particular their ally, and it is on an island off the Spanish coast that this play is set. Hard liquor is cheap there, and thirsty English gather round a bar run in a tottering lighthouse by an English parson with a look of reluctant

## At the Play

*The Horn of the Moon* (BOLTONS)—*The Queen Came By* (DUKE OF YORK'S)—*Revueville* (WINDMILL)

unfroeking in his eye. There is *Hatton*, a war-wrecked man of middle age, burning himself out with whisky and ignoring his wife's infidelities; and *Lang*, a handsome fellow far gone in the religion of blood and guts, *Mrs. Hatton's* lover but now turning his attention to *Mrs. Shire*, newly-arrived on her honeymoon and toughened in

"no fog of ether." *Hatton* has already fallen dead with a loud thud from the shock of not being shocked at finding his wife with the gardener. It remains for the neurotic boy to undergo an amazing metamorphosis in which, suddenly charmed at the idea that the lighthouse will soon topple into the sea, he buys it from the parson; and in which he takes on singlehanded a berserk cow that has ripped a native from stem to stern (very juicily reported, this), opens the seagull season lethally with an air-pistol, and prepares for his seduction by the *Widow Hatton*. All the characters drink heavily throughout in a rather cheerless way, and all get very hot. None of them ever reads a book, or shows any interest in Spain, or even makes a joke, all the cracks being reserved for the lighthouse. Why any of them remained in this emotional oven for five minutes was more than I could see.

The play is acted at the Boltons far better than it deserves to be. Mr. JOHN WYSE is very good as *Lang*, the humourless apostle of the life dangerous, Miss PAMELA ALAN as *Mrs. Shire* really seems to spring from the gilt-edged English countryside, Miss JESSIE EVANS (*Hoyden* in "The Relapse") smoulders bitterly as *Mrs. Hatton*, Mr. DENHOLM ELLIOTT expertly tears the boy's nerves to pieces, Mr. MARTIN BODDEY's *Hatton* is just as soggy as he should be, and Mr. JACK McNAUGHTON obviously keeps a thumbled copy of

*The Church Times* beneath his bar. But even these sound performers could not prevent the first-night audience from showing its self-respect by laughing in the wrong places.

Since its try-out at the Embassy last September, Mr. R. F. DELDERFIELD has been at work to good purpose on *The Queen Came By*, his play about the lives of the assistants "living in" at a London draper's shop during Queen Victoria's Jubilee. He has now cut out the awkward and unnecessary flashbacks from the present day (in which two of the assistants had the fearful task of piling about half a century on



(*The Horn of the Moon*)

### A CUSTOMER DROPS IN.

<i>Olive Shire</i> . . . . .	MISS PAMELA ALAN
<i>Clyde Lang</i> . . . . .	MR. JOHN WYSE
<i>Parson</i> . . . . .	MR. JACK McNAUGHTON

the hard school of field sports to the presence of offal in the conversation. Her husband, a neurotic young author, is the play's problem child. He hates blood. He faints at a bull-fight. He declines, during a tornado which nearly blew me out of the fifth row of the stalls, to set forth in a rowing boat to the aid of mariners. His wife goes instead, and after that *Lang* wins, and they go off together; not, however, before they have had a cosy chat in which he describes his adventures as a midwife in the African jungle and she speaks highly, not being a mother, of the ecstasy of pain in childbirth, spoiled, as she delightfully says, by



their faces), and shorn of these the piece goes much better—at the Duke of York's. It is a simple little comedy with a pathetic ending, not remarkable in any way but faithfully observed with a telling sense of the everyday humours of ordinary people—though I still boggle at the idea of respectable Victorian males attending a midnight feast in the dormitory of their equally respectable opposite numbers. Few changes have been made in a satisfactory cast, but it is strengthened by Miss BERYL MEASOR and Mr. AUBREY DEXTER. Miss THORA HIRD continues to give a very sensitive performance as the dying assistant mothering the baby of the party, whom Miss ELENNA FRASER endows with starchy innocence, and Mr. IVAN STAFF is still the comically spinsterish shopwalker.

A few weeks ago Mr. ARTHUR ENGLISH was a house-painter and had

never appeared on a stage. Now he is delighting packed houses at that brave little variety theatre, the Windmill, to which we owe the similar discovery of the late, and great, John Tilley. Mr. ENGLISH is a tall, lean young man with burning eyes and a restless impetuosity. He gets himself up as a barrow-boy and delivers a high-speed Cockney commentary on nothing in particular, his sentences seldom quite finishing because they run in and out of each other like the sections of a telescope. Now and then he pauses to mount or dismount an imaginary bicycle, and for a tyro he is extraordinarily confident in his asides to the audience—his casual "Hullo, Stanley!" going down especially well. He is certainly a find, and funny; his methods are still naturally a little hit-and-miss, but if he can work up sufficiently original patter a lot more might be heard of him. ERIC.

## At the Opera

Gianni Schicchi (SADLER'S WELLS)—The Immortal Hour (PEOPLE'S PALACE)

PUCCINI'S *Triptych* of one-act operas, *Il Tabarro*, *Suor Angelica* and *Gianni Schicchi*, occupies much the same place in relation to the rest of his work as *Otello* and *Falstaff* do to VERDI'S. There is the same mastery of the medium, the same acute sense of the theatre, and the same mellow richness that only time can bring—a sunset glow of genius even more splendid than the pride of its noonday.

*Gianni Schicchi*, which has not been heard in London for many years, is now being given at Sadler's Wells in a double bill with *Il Tabarro*, and there are prospects that *Suor Angelica* may follow to complete the *Triptych*. *Gianni Schicchi* is a jewel whose lustre almost, if not quite, equals that of *Falstaff*. Such is human nature that a thoroughgoing rogue is always more appealing than a saint (something like affection was aroused in the public breast by the picturesque central figure of the Lynskey inquiry), but it takes genius to bring such a character to life on the stage. *Gianni Schicchi* is as lovable a rogue as *Falstaff*, and from the first bar to the last the opera is a joy. There is, for instance, the aptness of the repeated sobbing motif in the orchestra—two falling quavers which, played slowly (and orchestrated by PUCCINI'S master-hand), are the essence of hypocritical grief. One can almost see crocodile tears splashing on the ground. Played faster, the sorrow is seen for the sham it is, the thinnest of masks to conceal the pushing and

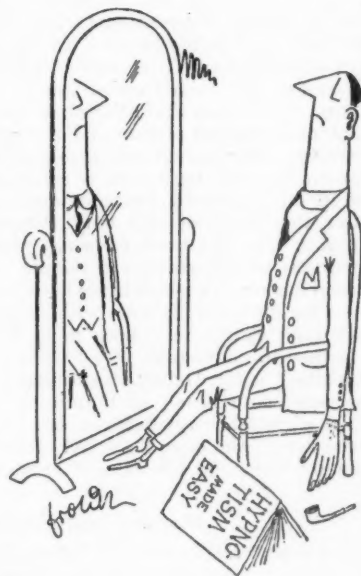
scuffling of the relatives of the deceased *Buoso Donati* in their efforts to possess themselves of his property almost before the breath is out of his body. And it is strange to notice that this same motif of falling quavers is, in the hands of BACH, the most profound expression of human grief in the whole of music.

A brilliant *coup de théâtre* in this opera, unsuspected if one has not heard it in its proper context, is *Lauretta's* little aria "O mio babbino caro" (known in English as "O My Beloved Daddy"). As a concert-piece it always sounds unbearably sickly and sentimental; but in its proper place in the opera, after the sham grief of *Donati's* relatives, their bickerings and the tumult they create as they turn his house upside down in search of his will, it is exactly right. It at once establishes the character of *Lauretta*, her flower-like innocence and the purity of her love for *Rinuccio*. It is beautifully sung by ELSIE MORISON, and drew great applause on the first night. ROWLAND JONES is a very good *Rinuccio*.

EDMUND DONLEVY, who has played the rôle before, makes the very most of the lovable rascal *Gianni Schicchi*, particularly when, in a quavering voice (and to the impotent fury of the relatives), he dictates to the notary a will leaving most of the deceased's property to "my dear, devoted, affectionate friend *Gianni Schicchi*." The period of the opera is

the fourteenth century and the scene is laid in Florence. PETER HOFFER'S set and costumes are charming, and the production, which is excellent, is by ALAN GORDON. JAMES ROBERTSON conducts.

*The Immortal Hour*, by RUTLAND BOUGHTON, revived for a short run at the People's Palace, was spoiled by clumsy staging. This "Opera of the Faery Song," and of the Celtic twilight has great charm, but is so slight that its atmosphere can too easily be spoiled. At the People's Palace the trouble began at the start. The effect of the monologue of the shadow-god, *Dalua*, was spoiled by a fussy ballet and a chorus of supposedly far-off spirits shouting almost into one's ear in voices that were anything but faery. The illusion thus shattered was never quite restored (even though Miss GLENDA RAYMOND has a sweet-toned voice of just the right quality for *Etain*, who is faery and tries unsuccessfully not to be; and though ARNOLD MATTERS was equally good in the rôle of the dream-haunted *Eochaidh*, who is *not* faery, much though he would like to be). So that when the fairy (sorry, faery) *Prince Midir* came to seek *Etain* announcing in turn that he was a song, that he was Love and that he was a White Bird, one could not bring oneself to believe any of these statements, melodiously though Mr. HARRY DAWSON delivered himself of them. The London Philharmonic Orchestra played excellently, and the composer conducted. D. C. B.





### Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### Coventry Patmore

IN the present edition of *The Life and Times of Coventry Patmore* (CONSTABLE, 15/-) Mr. DEREK PATMORE has been able, without risk of hurting the susceptibilities of the poet's relatives, to portray the third wife frankly and thus complete his sincere and very interesting account of the poet's personal life. Patmore's central characteristic was an intense uxoriousness which first manifested itself in "The Angel in the House," a long poem celebrating the joys of matrimony on a comfortable income and between persons of an assured social status. "The Angel in the House," which was a mid-Victorian best-seller, gave a somewhat romanticized picture of Patmore's first and happiest marriage. His second marriage was with a Miss Byles, a Roman Catholic lady with a considerable fortune which the poet, a shrewd business man, greatly augmented. After the death of this lady Patmore married Harriet Hobson, who had lived for some years in his house as a governess to the younger children. A Catholic since his second marriage, he tried in his later years to find a mystical basis for his preoccupation with nuptial love; but though very high claims have been made for his religious odes, it is easy to understand why "the austere spirit of Gerard Hopkins," as Mr. DEREK PATMORE puts it, "recoiled before the passionate heat" of Patmore's "Eros and Psyche." As his physical energy declined, his religious warmth ebbed, and towards the close he would often lament the spiritual cold by which he felt himself enveloped.

H. K.

#### Maurice and Eugénie

Swinburne cattily remarked that Maurice de Guérin was to Matthew Arnold what the lesser celandine was to

Wordsworth. "He has unearthed a new favourite and must have some three or four who will love his little flower." While agreeing that Maurice and his sister Eugénie (whom Sainte-Beuve preferred) are the dregs of the qualities they admired in themselves and others, "l'unction, l'effusion, la mysticité," one cannot help congratulating Miss NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH on the skill and candour with which she has translated a large part of Eugénie's *Journal*, and retold the life of the brother who inspired it for the centenary of Eugénie's death. *The Idol and the Shrine* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-) incorporates much new material held up in the interests of Eugénie's reputation for holiness; and the de Guérins are re-established as a very etiolated-prose Wordsworth-and-Dorothy in their Languedoc manor and the Paris of Victor Hugo. Quite unknown to the literary giants of their day, they were not unknown to its religious ones. Maurice studied under the Abbé de Lamennais; and when the whole round table was dissolved, became a purposeless drifter with his sister in his wake. The story is tragic enough; and its only integrated figure is the young Creole bride who cheered Maurice's death-bed and whose gift of flowered muslins and open-work stockings induced Eugénie to forgo, for once, her lachrymose sensibility.

H. P. E.

#### Black-Market Comedy

IN "This is the Way" Mr. GEOFFREY COTTERELL surveyed a whole generation and an entire if restricted society. In *Randle in Springtime* (EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE, 9/-) he concentrates on a few weeks and a handful of people. More accurately, though the rest of them are defined with a beautiful deftness, he concentrates on one figure, the Howard Randle of his title, whom he exposes and anatomizes with neither mercy nor malice. Howard is the perfect bounder and the perfect if inverted snob, the "temporary gentleman" and the Jack-in-office in *excelsis*. Blossoming from his city and suburban background into a lieutenant of artillery, he is shifted, when his battery commander has had enough of him, to the Control Commission in Hamburg. This is in the first fine careless rapture of the occupation, when the conversion of cigarettes into cameras is just part of the day's work. If Howard at first fights shy of this traffic it is not from original virtue but because he gathers that it is not quite, socially, the thing. Very soon he succumbs to its promises with as cocky an assurance as to the allure of an auburn-haired "frat." Money, he finds, is his for the wangling and love *de luxe* even without the trouble of asking. That his springtime under the rose should vanish with the rose is of course predictable; but how that happens constitutes an authentic surprise. Meanwhile one has been immensely entertained by a tale which, were its author's bland suspension of judgment not so infectious, might have shocked us by its implications.

F. B.

#### A New History of England

*An Introduction to the History of England* (COLLINS, 21/-) places Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD with Professor G. M. Trevelyan and the late Mr. H. A. L. Fisher among the present-day historians who, boldly exposing themselves to sharp-shooting from countless specialists, have taken great tracts of time for their theme. Mr. JERROLD, in his concluding remarks, refers to "the half-million years traversed in this volume"; and his first two chapters do in fact brilliantly summarize all that is so far known or surmised about prehistoric man. He then, to enforce his view that we are "European first and British only in a secondary sense," traces the main outlines of Greek and Roman history, and devotes a chapter to the origins

and character of Christianity—a chapter that would have surprised Gibbon, who would not have expected a writer as lucid and urbane as himself to explain the spread of Christianity as due not to its emotional appeal but to its historical background, which could not but enforce its authenticity for any pagan capable of ordered thought. When he at last lands on our shores Mr. JERROLD is as businesslike as Julius Cæsar. The pre-Norman Conquest jungle is uninviting to most tastes, but Mr. JERROLD clears and maps it out, not only with vigour but with an infectious zest. The book, a really remarkable achievement, ends with the loss of Normandy in 1204, by which date, the author holds, our civilization was firmly based on a judicious combination of order and liberty.

H. K.

### Young Washington

Nothing—not even the expert burial of his “little hatchet”—will render *George Washington* (EYRE AND SPOTISWOODE, 18/- each vol.) a sympathetic hero. He is not in the Napoleonic tradition. No American Béranger will ever write songs about him. But Dr. DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN, master of a superbly unpretentious prose, has written what must surely be the definitive life of Washington; and its first two published volumes see the transmutation of careerist into patriot afoot. A younger son in colonial Virginia must needs make his own way—hence a full-dress picture of “manorial” circumstances and the lad’s neighbours and kin. Land-grabbing and slave-breeding sufficed the eldest sons. Young Washington would have gone to sea; but, thwarted by a tiresome mother, turned—first as a surveyor and then as a soldier—to the Ohio frontier and the wars between England, France and hostile or satellite Indians. These little-known campaigns, which saw Washington the first provincial commander, under jealous British regulars, lasted five and a half years. They are recounted with the *brío* of an accomplished military historian who plans his literary dispositions with a strategist’s cunning. Towards the end of the second volume a wealthy widow, Martha Dandridge Custis, is invested—very much in the style of a French fortress—by a wooer whose heart is decorously and hopelessly elsewhere. The complete Washington begins to dominate the complex ingredients of his background.

H. F. E.

### Eleven Little Soccer Boys . . .

Village football teams rarely disappear on their way to a match, but this is what happens to Mr. JOHN PUDNEY’s *Shuffley Wanderers* (BODLEY HEAD, 8/6). One moment they are crossing an old airfield in their dilapidated lorry, the next they are being hustled into an aircraft at the point of the Tommy-gun. To reveal a secret which Mr. PUDNEY naturally discloses more gradually, they have been mistaken by the emissaries of Klotia, one of the new police states, for the exiled leaders of the crusted party, wanted in a hurry for a public parade of democratic tolerance; while the arrival of the real reactionaries, accompanied by miraculous quantities of floss, the famous Klotian life-restorer, helps to prevent Shuffley from worrying too much about the evaporation of its sons. These parallel themes are developed in lively fashion, the adventures of the footballers among the trigger-happy, antlike Klots being used for neat satire on totalitarian behaviour, and those of the Klotian aristocrats in Shuffley for good farce among the relics of feudalism. Of all the stirring episodes thus reported from both sides of the Iron Curtain none is more remarkable than the shoot Lord Hardwary arranges on his lake for the foreign guests—of geese whose feed his

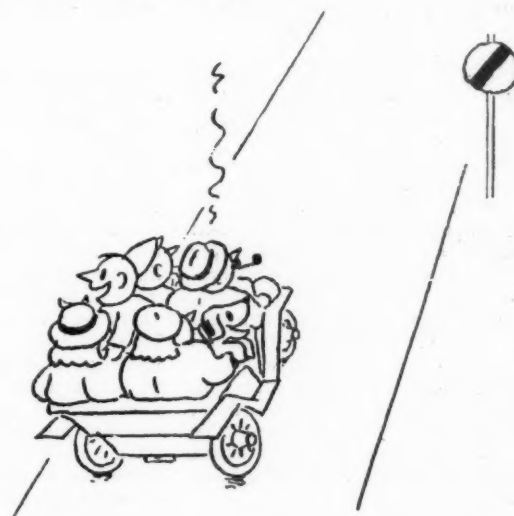
valet has generously soaked in floss. The demoniac savagery of the birds as they dive upon the guns, the sudden filling of the air with lead, and the cold and muddy retreat after the boats have sunk are fortunately accepted by the Klots as the common rigours of yet another manly British sport. It is a very funny scene. Mr. PUDNEY brings Shuffley and its people comically to life, and right to the end of this amusing book his invention is unflagging.

E. O. D. K.

### Ship’s Engineer—Old Style

There are probably few callings which have undergone so remarkable a change, alike in conditions and status, as that of the marine engineer during the last thirty or forty years. Mr. W. G. RIDDELL, whose anecdotal autobiography *The Thankless Years* (ART AND EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS, 12/6) records his experiences afloat and in various engineering establishments ashore, gives a picture as lively as it is informative of this vanished phase of seafaring life—a life whose squalor, grime and discomfort gave rise to so many nostalgic heartburnings on the part of deck officers who had “left the sea to go into steam.” It was a chapter of seafaring history comparable in many ways with the days of the Industrial Revolution ashore; and Mr. RIDDELL’s description of such vessels as the *Trojan* and of the odd characters who were his shipmates make up, together with his fund of “pawky” stories, a convincing presentation of a state of things on shipboard now happily as extinct as that which existed in the days of Drake. Mr. RIDDELL is, however, hardly correct when he says that “no writer of eminence, excepting Mr. Kipling, has done justice to the marine engineer.” The names of Mr. McFee, Mr. W. Townend and Mr. George Blake come readily to mind; and the late Joseph Conrad, hater of engines though he was, has left in the portrait of Mr. Solomon Rout of the s.s. *Nan-Shan*, one of his most unforgettable studies of seagoing humanity.

C. F. S.



★  
H. K.

“Let her go, Bert.”





"About this journey that I'm taking abroad—can you see any indication as to where I'm going to raise the fifty pounds?"

## The Radio Dramatist

XV

**D**URING the past few weeks I have received a good many letters from readers who have attempted to use what I call my "telescoping" method—the creation of a radio play from a combination of two or more established works. All report failure, and one, who had attempted to combine *Sartor Resartus* with *The Way of an Eagle*, has subjected me to some pretty savage abuse. The fact is that this method is by no means easy, as anyone should have realized who read my account of how I telescoped Simon Legree and Don Guzman de Soto to create Alf Bardsley, an unscrupulous poultry-dealer. The man is a nincompoop who thinks that such a thing can be done by a mere stroke of the pen.

My first experiment on these lines was a combination of Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and *Burning Daylight*, by Jack London. I propose to give a brief account of my struggles with this work and of the blunders I committed. A careful reading of this, I fancy, will do more

towards securing a smooth blending of *Sartor Resartus* and *The Way of an Eagle* than outbursts of senseless rancour.

I first decided, with an innocent confidence at which I can now afford to smile, to telescope without more ado the characters of Lord Henry Wotton and *Burning Daylight*. As a preliminary to this it seemed sensible to garner a few facts about each. *Burning Daylight* was a prospector for gold. He wore a fur cap, his eyes were keen and dark and his nose was "of a size to fit the face." Lord Henry was a sophisticated man-about-town. He had a pointed brown beard, a romantic olive-coloured face, and cool, white and flowerlike hands. Of his nose nothing was said, but I felt justified in assuming that it would not be of such a size as to cause any particular remark. *Burning Daylight* could lift nine hundred pounds of flour clear of the floor and travel all day with wet socks at forty-five below. No hint was given as to how much flour Lord Henry could lift, but it seemed unlikely that it would

be more than a few stone. Travelling in wet socks at forty-five below was not of course an experience likely to come his way, but a description of how he "flung himself into a wicker-work armchair" appeared to indicate a certain agility. Typical remarks were: "I once wore nothing but violets all through one season." "I went out over the Pass in a fall blizzard, with a rag of a shirt and a cup of raw flour." "I adore simple pleasures; they are the last refuge of the complex." "You-all'll think all hell's busted loose when that strike is made."

I determined to create a character in whom sophistication should vie with primitive savagery, and something of my inexperience and clumsiness may be realized when I confess that the name I chose for him was "*Burning Wotton*." I first set myself to construct typical remarks for *Burning Wotton* to make, with what success a few lines of dialogue will show:

*Burning Wotton.* I tell you-all, I sure got a hunch I could write a novel like a Persian carpet.

*Bettles of Treadley.* I sure hope you-all'll mush out to Treadley. I got some admirable Burgundy.

Unfortunately, a good deal of experience is needed to pitch the dialogue in the same key throughout an entire play, and some pages farther on I find the following lines:

*Burning Wotton.* If you could contrive, my dear fellow, to take a firm hold of the gunwale with your teeth, I feel that I could make the slight effort required to lift you into the boat. Otherwise we shall perish, and that would be a mistake. I want to introduce you to Sourdough Poole: he has copied your moccasins already. We will go to Bonanza together. It will be delightful.

This unevenness of the dialogue was perhaps excusable in a first attempt. My contention is that by perseverance and a certain amount of ingenuity I succeeded in telescoping Lord Henry and Burning Daylight into a character that combined the most colourful traits of both.

When I attempted to repeat the process with Dorian Gray and Kama, the Indian dog-driver, I laboured for some time in vain. Some idea of the difficulties of my task may be given by the following list of typical remarks of both characters:

"Um much cold." "Ah, here is the Duchess, looking like Artemis in a tailor-made gown." "Bring um snowshoes. No bring um tent." "If one hears bad music, it is one's duty to drown it in conversation."

I cannot help feeling that this part of my task provided as pretty a problem as any likely to be encountered in combining *Sartor Resartus* and *The Way of an Eagle*. Night after night I racked my brains in vain until at last, realizing that at all costs I must press forward, I impetuously telescoped Dorian Gray and Kama into a faithful sledge-dog named Heavyside.

Perhaps I have said enough to show that my first attempt at the telescoping method was not made without difficulty. I should not like to claim that it was a very successful attempt or that I was not heartily sick of Burning Wotton by the time I had finished it. I do maintain, however, that in practised hands the method can yield astonishing results, and if I ever decide to put before the public my work on *Urn Burial* and *The Green Hat* I fancy that this will be generally admitted.

"Life of Charles Finney, Revivalist, by himself. 62 pages, 1s. 1d. each."  
Advt. in "The Baptist Times."

Markedly materialist slant, though.

## Any Old Magdeburg Hemispheres?

SCIENCE is an interesting subject. Things may have changed since my day, but if my experience is anything to go by—and I should hate to think it was not—it is approached by way of Hydrostatics. This is a resounding word, to the budding scientist of thirteen almost as resounding as Thermodynamics, but it is, if anything, duller. It is a week or two, however, before he discovers exactly what it is that he has been let in for, and then it is too late to write home and say that he would rather learn social economy.

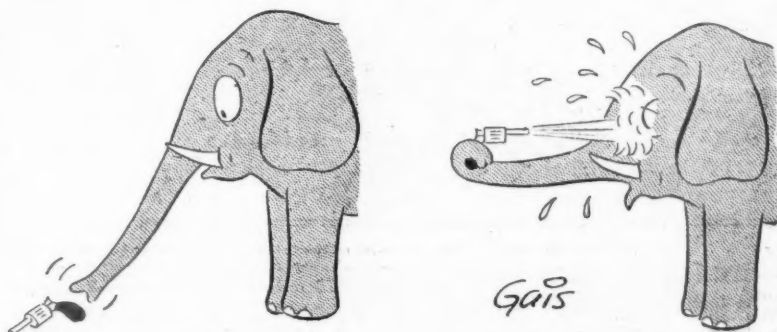
Well do I recall my introduction to the wonders of the scientific age. We had hoped for Chemistry, naturally, and would doubtless get some in time, but in the meantime—Physics. Medicine? Pharmacy? Pill-rolling? Nothing so useful: Hydrostatics. Mysterious, Greekish-sounding word, of unknown possibilities even if the "statics" part did sound a little slow. There was one of our number, an earnest boy with the undesirable reputation of having already, at the age of thirteen, read the whole of Gibbon, who could understand the "hydro" part as well. He pronounced it "hudor" and said that it meant water. So we were trapped. Wriggle as we might, we were committed to instruction in the science of water standing still. However, it had its moments, perhaps, and one or two of its features remain in the memory.

For instance, you can do this. Take an ordinary paraffin tin and heat it up on a gas-ring. Screw the stopper in tight and pour cold water over the tin. With a curious crunching sound the thing will then collapse before your very eyes and be of no further use for paraffin or anything else. Or there is this. Immerse a thing—anything; the crumpled tin will do—in water. Now the weight of the water that is thereby displaced will be equal to that of the

thing. All you have to do then is to collect this water and weigh it and you will know the weight of the thing. This is actually done, over and over again, though the thing used is usually a small metal cube, the weight of which is engraved legibly on its side. (The metal must be lighter than water or it won't work.)

You can float lumps of lead in mercury, which is amusing when seen for the first time, and spread mercury over an old sixpence to make it look like a new one. Some day perhaps Hydrostatics will discover how to do the same thing to a penny and make it look like a half-crown. There are various things with vacuum pumps and small bottles full of copper sulphate, which escape me for the moment; and there is Boyle's Law, which enjoins that the volume of a gas shall vary inversely as the pressure—and, some say, vice versa, though if you cook by electricity it may not matter very much. Perhaps, however, the most useless and widely remembered things in Hydrostatics are the Magdeburg Hemispheres. These are made of copper and are hollow, and each is fitted with a strong handle. Their edges are put carefully together and the joint made airtight with grease. Then the air is pumped out from the inside and the sphere, as it has now become, is handed round with a general invitation to pull it apart. The point is that you cannot do it, because the pressure on the inside is now only half the volume on the outside, or inversely. The gentleman who first made the attempt, at Magdeburg,\* is supposed to have harnessed a large horse to either handle, and even they were unable to pull them apart. There is a

\* Does any reader know how these hemispheres were used, in Magdeburg or anywhere else, before the experiment was thought of?



picture of this in your book. The trick, of course, is to roast them over a gas-ring and pour cold water over them. (The hemispheres, that is, not the horses.)

I was especially fortunate in my introduction to the Magdeburg Hemispheres. In one corner of the lecture-room (they always smell of some kind of acid, if you remember) a staircase descended through the floor into the mysteries of the basement. One morning—it seems like yesterday—Mr. Nitro-Robinson leaned over the banisters and called into the depths: "Charlie, bring up the Magdeburgs, will you; please?"

Charlie was the laboratory assistant whose duty it was to have all the required apparatus ready in advance, but Charlie had slipped up this morning. He had also slipped out and Mr. Nitro-Robinson had to go down himself, muttering slightly under his breath. However, Charlie had not really forgotten, and the Hemispheres were just there, at the foot of the stairs, all ready greased and stuck together. When the head of Mr. Nitro-Robinson reappeared we could see that he was tugging at the handles. Evidently Charlie had pumped out the air as well, and we were going to have the demonstration in reverse. The handles were big handles, and Mr. Nitro-Robinson slipped one of them over the knob at the head of the banisters. Standing where he was, two or three steps down, he braced one foot against the top step and leaned backwards, holding the

other handle. Looking back on it now, I think his idea must have been to make as much as possible of the almost negligible dramatic possibilities of the experiment.

"Wild horses," he announced unexpectedly, "could not pull these apart."

With these words he pulled them apart himself and crashed into the basement. He was, alas, quite badly hurt, but he recovered in a month or two and nothing could take from him the knowledge that one of his classes, at least, was unlikely to forget about the Magdeburg Hemispheres.

The reader may possibly wonder what most of this has to do with water; and I can only suppose, as we all supposed at the time, that water standing still is not a sufficiently large subject by itself and that other things, which have no particular place in any other branch of science, are brought in to eke it out. There were also, however, Archimedes, whose bathroom and laboratory were at opposite ends of a public street, and Artesia, which has given its name to a kind of deep well much used in that country.

After a few weeks of this sort of thing the dusty-hatted fag began to suspect that quite possibly the whole realm of science could contain nothing duller than Hydrostatics. Next term, however, he would be introduced to Heat.

This, Heat, would seem a fairly everyday sort of subject, but I do confess that all I can remember of it is

that there is a thing called a thermo—dash it, what is it?—pile—thermopile. This is a kind of electrical thermometer for detecting—but not, as far as my recollection goes, measuring—contemptibly small quantities of warmth. Which goes to show that scientists—or at any rate science masters—do not think quite like the rest of us.

## The Best Seat in the House

THOSE two weeny little women do not know where to go, but I have no doubt the usherette will show them into *this* row.

And that tiny little man in grey coming this way, I bet you all my pay he is going into Row K.

As for those minute Siamese who only come up to my knees, they are settling like homing bees into the D's.

But there, ah, there, standing six foot three in his socks, and broad as a tree, is, as you will shortly see, the man who is going to sit in front of me!

V. G.



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Motors and Plastic Commutators and Switches, as well as supplying these products to the home market. In addition, the large new Hoover factory recently opened at Merthyr Tydfil is producing Electric Washing Machines — for both home and abroad. By their efforts, therefore, Hoover Limited are playing a very considerable part in raising the nation's standard of living, and their output is increasing all the time.

## HOOVER LIMITED

*Factories at*

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BY APPOINTMENT—C. SHIPPAM LTD.—SUPPLIERS OF MEAT AND FISH PASTES TO H.M. THE KING



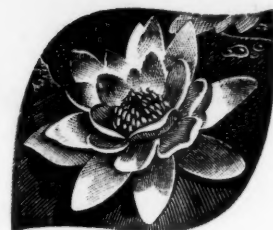
Have you tried  
it yet?...

## Shippam's

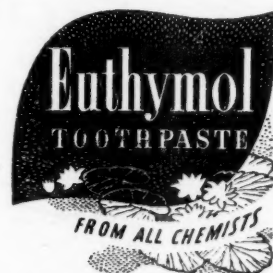
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Cornish Pilchards blended with tomatoes into the smoothest of pastes—a sandwich filling that brings you back for more. Enjoy it often—your grocer is now getting good supplies.

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## Table Fingers



Exactly the right kind of  
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exactly the right kind  
of crispy biscuit! There's  
perfect agreement between  
the two in Weston's Chocolate Table Fingers—  
and you get 20 or more in a quarter-pound  
(though supplies are still limited, alas !)

# Weston's

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### What sort of pig makes "Wiltshire Bacon"?



Any good pig that is properly bred and fed and of the right proportions in the right places — then the cure's the thing. The Wiltshire cure, produced in these Islands, is the last word in succulence from our traditional and once common source of nourishment — the pig.

**Why is this heritage denied us?**

Because the pigs are not there. They are not there because we do not spend enough of our foreign monies upon food for pigs. If you value your bacon, press those in authority for more pigs at home. You will be asking for the common man's favourite food.

## HARRIS

FAMOUS FOR BACON SINCE 1770

### That final Touch

FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Lemco Consommé makes a delicious clear soup, a refreshing beverage and improves the flavour of gravies and made-up dishes. It is an excellent basis in making Aspic Jelly for many attractive delicacies.

RECIPE FOR ASPIC JELLY.

1 pint water 1 bay leaf 6 peppercorns Blade of mace ½ teaspoonful salt 1 teaspoon vinegar (tarragon if possible)	1 tablespoonful sherry 3 level teasp. Lemco Consommé 1 stick celery (if available) 2 strips lemon rind 2 cloves 2 level dessertsp. powdered gelatine
--	---

Put water, celery, salt and all dry flavourings into a small covered pan. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to stand with the lid on a further 15 minutes. Sprinkle in the gelatine, add the Lemco Consommé & stir until both are dissolved. Lastly, add the vinegar and sherry. Strain through double muslin for use.



## LEMCO

Concentrated

## CONSOMMÉ

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the natural way*

**Hovis**

THE BETTER-BALANCED BREAD

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THOSE WHO CANNOT HELP THEMSELVES BY SENDING A DONATION which will enable us to bring comfort to the many OLD and INVALID people who look to us to help them.

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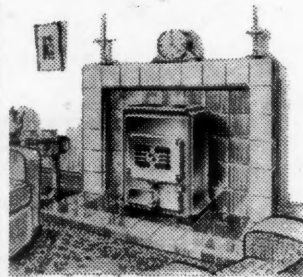
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Punch 13/4/49

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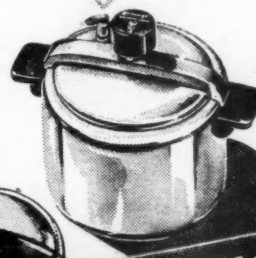
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save 75% time, 75% fuel—and all the flavour

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Superfine Stick-a-Soles,  
securely fixed with Solution  
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They are invisible in wear.

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STICK-A-SOLES AND HEELS  
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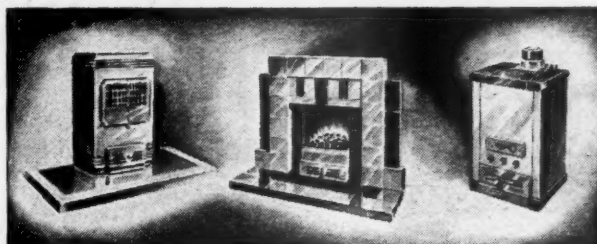
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*The most important is progressively to replace the bulk of the bituminous coal now burnt by some smokeless solid fuel . . . This would render possible . . . the virtual abolition of domestic smoke . . . less labour and dirt in the house . . . doubling the useful heat in smaller houses."*

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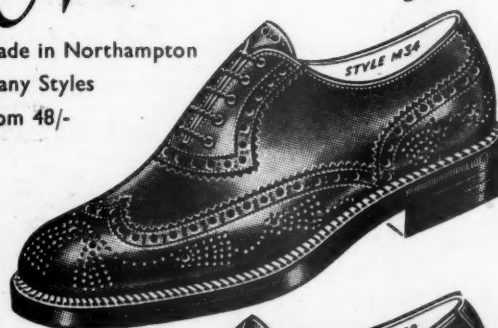
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Many Styles  
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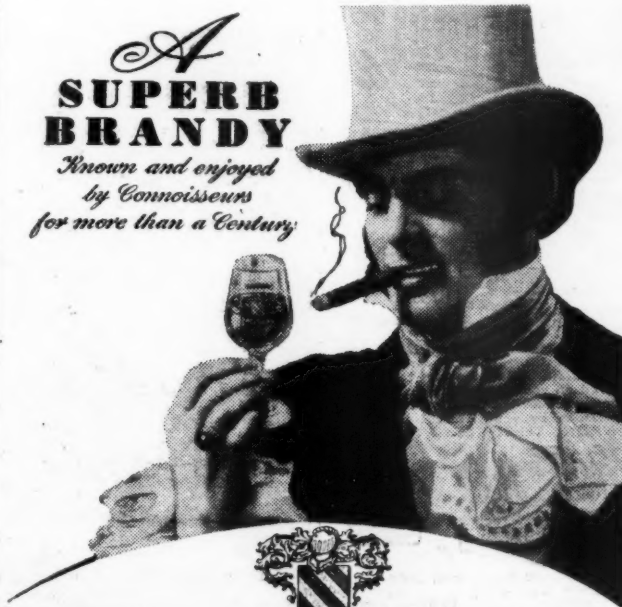
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"Beware the peak periods"



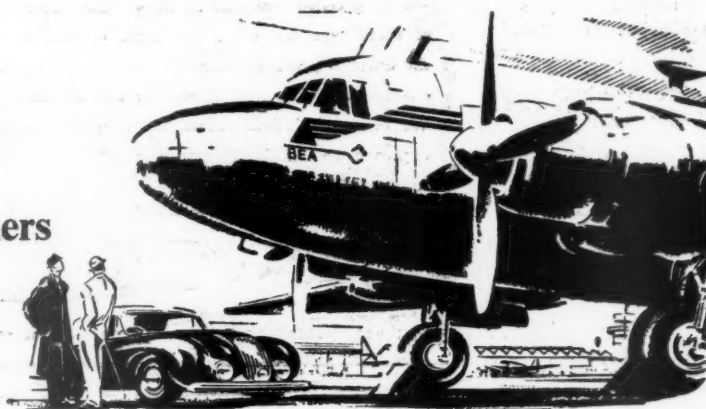
### The Power Station plan progresses

Apart from the twenty-five new power stations now being built, major extensions equivalent to new power stations are being made to more than a dozen existing stations. The nation's generating plant capacity is to be increased by more than 40% in four years.

BRITISH ELECTRICITY

April, 1949

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THE VICKERS VIKING aircraft, Britain's most modern twin-engined airliners, specially designed to meet the needs of post-war civil aviation, are now operating on all B.E.A. Continental routes. Their engines are lubricated exclusively with Shell Oil. The Shell Research

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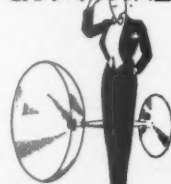


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**V<sup>ME</sup> ADEVAUX**  
EPERNAY MARNE  
"So well worth drinking"

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Should Champagne therefore be considered such a luxury as only to be drunk on special occasions? I appreciate the qualities of each, but it seems to me that the very real merit of Champagne as a beverage to be served much more frequently right through dinner or lunch is not seen in its right perspective for the enjoyment and good digestion of food and for its stimulation of body and mind.

### AND AN OFFER

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<p><b>1</b> IS YOUR PERSONALITY GOOD? COULD YOU address a public meeting to-night without notes? Have you personal courage? Can you "create" will-power? Are you a good mixer? Can you think and talk "on your feet"?</p>	<p><b>2</b> DO YOU HAVE PERSONAL DEFECTS? ARE YOU a "shut-in" personality? Are you handicapped by marked shyness, inability to "mix"? Are you a prey to fears, worry, weariness or depression? Do you suffer, even slightly, from inferiority complex?</p>
<p><b>3</b> IS YOUR MENTAL ORGANISATION FIRST-CLASS? DO YOU HAVE a 100% perfect memory? Are you always "mentally alert"? Can you plan and organise? Can you write and talk convincingly? Can you conduct interviews?</p>	<p><b>4</b> ARE THERE MENTAL WEAKNESSES? DOES YOUR mind wander? Do you lack mental energy? Do you put off important decisions? Are you overlooked in the race for promotion? Do you day-dream? Do you require a mental tonic?</p>

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## DOLCIN—NEW AMERICAN DISCOVERY

QUICKLY RELIEVES THE PAIN OF  
**RHEUMATISM, SCIATICA, NEURITIS**

THROUGHOUT the United States and Canada rheumatic sufferers have obtained relief from pain with DOLCIN, the new American discovery. This wonderfully beneficial succinate-salicylate compound is now available for you. DOLCIN gives PROMPT RELIEF from the painful symptoms of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago and Fibrositis, and the majority of sufferers also obtain PROLONGED RELIEF because DOLCIN contains substances which improve the supply of blood and oxygen to the affected tissues.

DOLCIN is absolutely NON-TOXIC: it will not harm the heart or any other organ and can be safely taken for long periods necessary for the elimination of rheumatic activity in severe cases. If you suffer from any of the ailments in the Rheumatic group get your DOLCIN tablets today from your chemist. 100 tablets for 10/- including purchase tax.

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REG. TRADE MARK

DOLCIN, 110, JERMYN STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

*Still full of  
energy, Joe?*



"Not so long ago you were crawling about like a sick sheep; now you seem to be everywhere at once! Have you swallowed a dynamo or something?"

"Not quite, Dick. Although it may be because of something I am swallowing three times a day."

"Nothing unusual about three meals a day, is there?"

"What I am talking about is something I am taking before meals. You ought to know what it is."

"Do you mean those two tablets

three times a day I told you about?"

"Yes, of course—Phyllosan. I've still got that pocket tablet-container you gave me." \*

"Well, carry on with the good work, Joe. Don't forget that I gave you that container because it is important to take the tablets regularly."

\* Anyone taking Phyllosan can get one of these pocket tablet-containers free by sending 2½d. stamp for postage to Natural Chemicals Ltd., (Dept 23), St. Helens, Lancs.

You, too, should take

# PHYLLOSAN

especially if you are over forty

Phyllosan tablets are obtainable from all chemists: 3/8, 6/-, and 22/4

RATTRAY'S

## OLD GOWRIE

TOBACCO

It requires very great discernment to select the choicest Virginia leaf, and then the accumulated skill of the craftsmen to prepare them in such a way that they produce the satisfying coolness and delicate aroma of Old Gowrie. It is indeed a clean, sweet and altogether delightful smoke, free, as all our tobaccos are, from artificial flavouring.

Appreciative letters, such as the one quoted here, come from all over the world and give us great pleasure and satisfaction.

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—this is the SPECIAL  
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## Your Hair Brush rebristled

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

**JOHN HASSALL,**

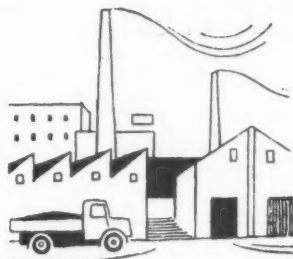
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The urgency of the problem has the attention of Parliament, and emphasis is laid more than ever on the fact that responsibility to clear infested premises of rats, mice, and insect pests rests on the individual occupier, or management.



The debates on this subject have revealed how widespread is this menace to food and property, and the health of the nation. In the House of Lords it

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The Ratin Service, by its scientific methods, has handled successfully over 40,000 contracts for clearing premises of rats, mice, and insect pests. Wherever you may be situated, its nation-wide Service operating from 44 centres can solve your particular pest problem. 'Phone ABBey 7621 or write to-day.



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new-age  
Industrial  
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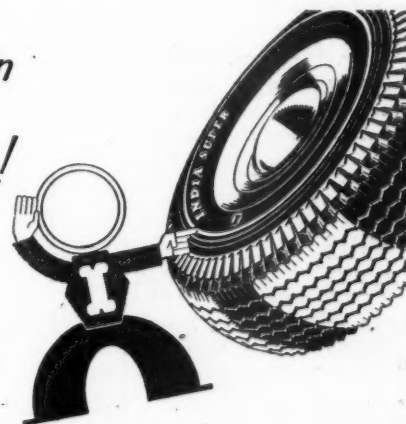
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treatment for

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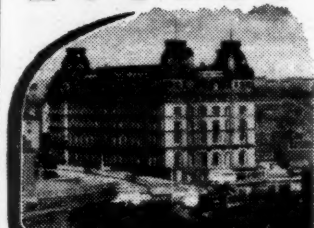
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discriminating people

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braves all weathers

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RIVETED ★ WELDED

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*are supplied with*

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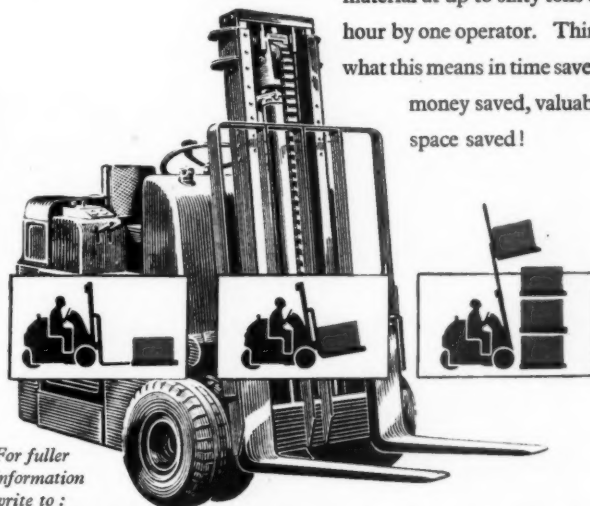
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